

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS in THRILLS!

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

NO 9
AUG.

Soldiers

of FORTUNE

10¢

THRILLING
STORIES
of
RED-BLOODED
ADVENTURERS!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a
ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



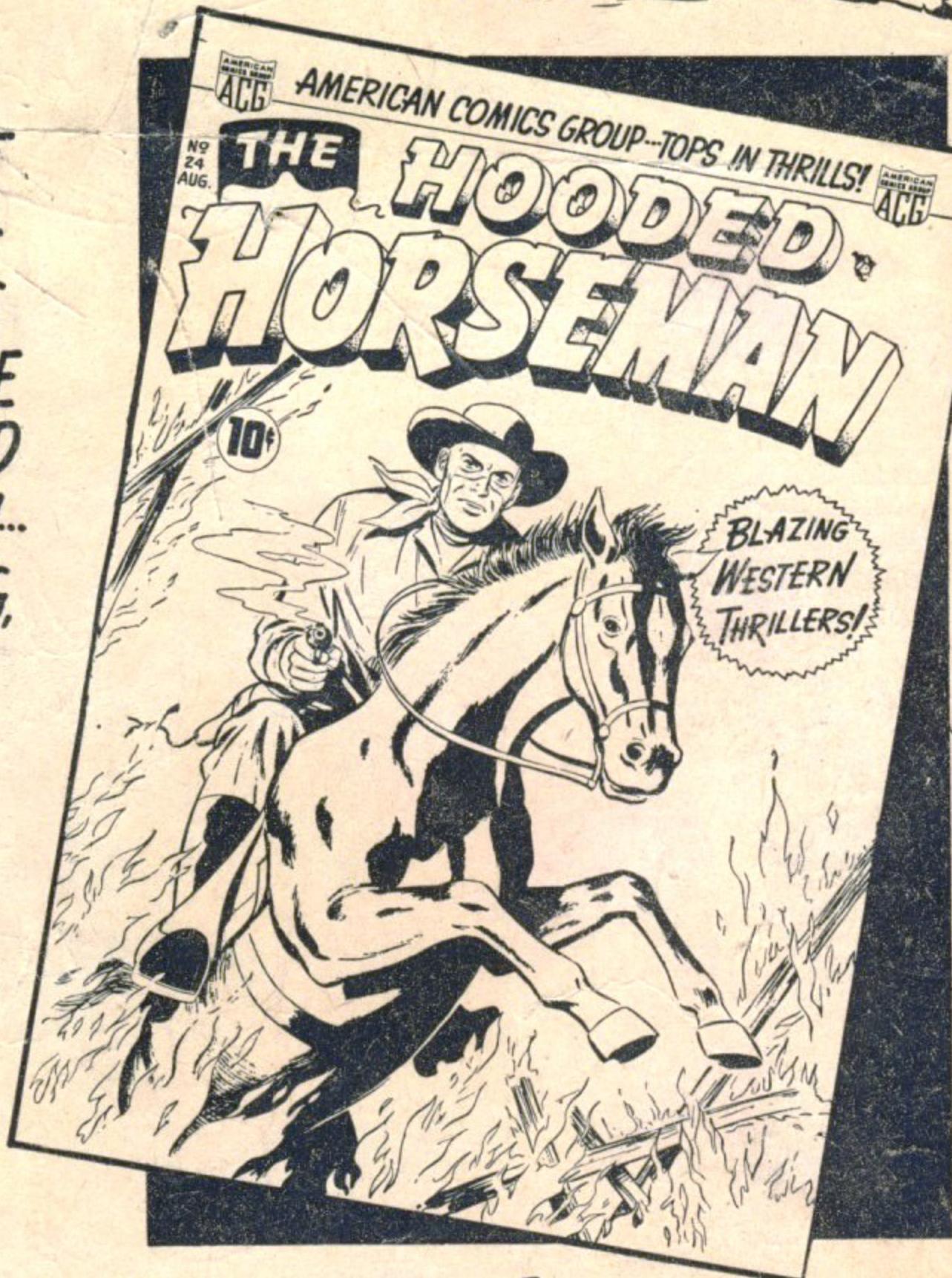
You'll GASP AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED
HORSEMAN!

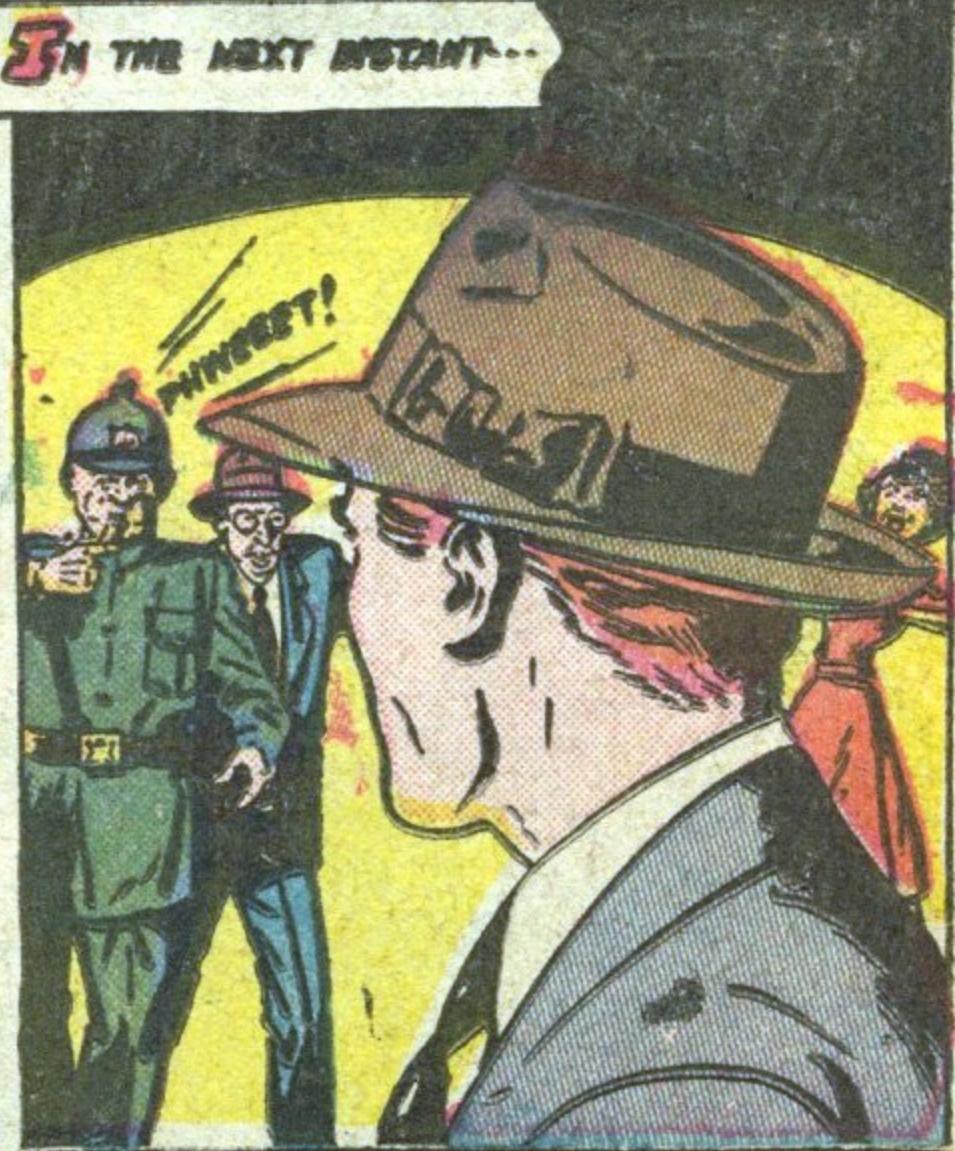


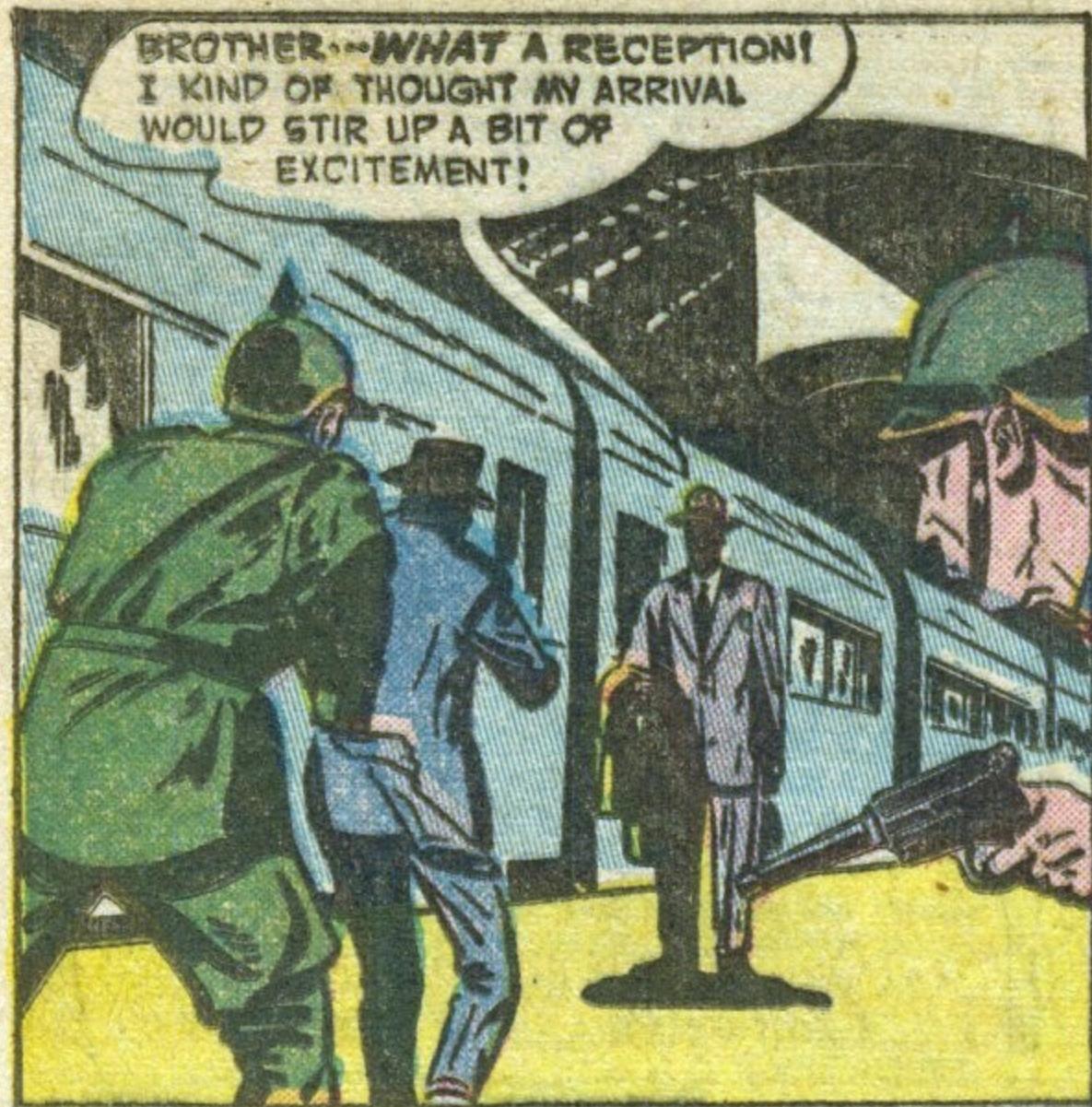
10¢ ON ALL STANDS

Lance Larson, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE



THE RED OVERLORDS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN
MAY BE ABLE TO STAMP OUT DEMOCRACY -- THEY
MAY EVEN BOAST THEY CAN TELL MILLIONS OF
PEOPLE WHAT TO THINK AND WHAT TO BELIEVE --
BUT NO AMOUNT OF TYRANNY CAN EFFACE THE
NAME OF LANCE LARSON! MANY VICTIMS
OF COMMUNIST OPPRESSION KNOW HIM AS THE
MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES -- OTHERS
REMEMBER HIS DARING FORAYS AS THE ONE-
MAN ARMY -- AND YOU'LL FIND HIM FILLING
BOTH ROLES TO THE HILT IN THIS LATEST
ADVENTURE!





OUR AGENT IN BERLIN WAS RIGHT ABOUT LANCE LARSON COMING TO PRAGUE, FRANZ, ... BUT WE'VE TAKEN A TERRIBLE RISK... COMING HERE TO CHECK UP!

THE COMMUNISTS WERE TOO TAKEN UP WITH LARSON TO NOTICE US! YES, WE TOOK A CHANCE, VELMA... BUT NOW WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM!

AN HOUR LATER... AT THE HOTEL BAR...

FUNNY HOW THINGS START! I WAS IN CHINA WHEN I READ THAT AN AMERICAN NEWSMAN... JIM ORMOND... HAD BEEN ARRESTED BY THE CZECH GOVERNMENT FOR **ESPIONAGE**! SINCE THEN, OUR STATE DEPARTMENT HAS RAISED CAIN ABOUT IT... AND **NOW** THE REDS HAVE COME UP WITH AN AMAZING PROPOSITION!

YEP, THEY SUGGESTED THAT AN AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE COME TO PRAGUE... AND HEAR ORMOND ADMIT HIS GUILT... PLUS MEDICAL EVIDENCE THAT HE WASN'T DRUGGED OR TORTURED WHEN HE CONFESSED! I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE ON THE LEVEL... BUT IN LITTLE MORE THAN AN HOUR I'LL BE IN ORMOND'S CELL... **GETTING THE LOWDOWN**!



I'M ALSO AVAILABLE FOR CONFIDENTIAL WORK---DUE TO MY CLOSE CONNECTIONS WITH THE LOCAL COMMUNIST COMMITTEE! ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF INFORMATION---FALSE PASSPORTS---IT CAN ALL BE ARRANGED!

LOOK, ARVANY---I DON'T LIKE BLACK MARKETEERS---I HATE INFORMERS---AND A COMBINATION OF BOTH TURNS MY STOMACH! NOW SCRAM!

A MOMENT LATER...

MR. LARSON---WE'VE GOT TO SEE YOU PRIVATELY! IT'S VITAL!

SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHOULD'VE USED ONE OF MY DISGUISES AFTER ALL---BUT COME ON---WE'LL GO TO MY ROOM!



IN LANCE'S SUITE...

FIRST---WE'D BETTER IDENTIFY OURSELVES! DO YOU RECOGNIZE THOSE CARDS?

YEP! YOU'RE MEMBERS OF THE BOHEMIA CHORAL SOCIETY---IN OTHER WORDS ---THE CZECH DEMOCRATIC UNDERGROUND!

WE NEVER DREAMED WE'D FIND LANCE LARSON ENTERING A RED DOMINATED COUNTRY OPENLY ---BUT YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO HELP US! DID YOU BRING YOUR MAKEUP KIT?

LANCE---PLEASE LISTEN! WE'RE THE ONES WHO WANT TO BE DISGUISED---AND WITH THE LIVES OF A WHOLE TRAIN LOAD OF PEOPLE AT STAKE---IT MUST BE DONE BY AN EXPERT!



I'M TRAIN DISPATCHER AT THE KAROLY RAILROAD YARD! WE'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE SIXTY POLITICAL SUSPECTS---INCLUDING VELMA AND MYSELF---ABOARD TONIGHT'S TEN O'CLOCK LOCAL! THE ENGINEER IS ONE OF OUR AGENTS---AND INSTEAD OF MAKING REGULAR STOPS---THE TRAIN WILL KEEP GOING UNTIL IT CROSSES THE BORDER INTO FREE GERMANY!

ONLY FRANZ AND MYSELF ARE KNOWN BY SIGHT TO THE RED SECRET SERVICE! THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO BE DISGUISED---BECAUSE IF WE'RE TRAILED TO THAT TRAIN ---IT WILL BE A DEATH SENTENCE FOR EVERYONE ABOARD!

WISH YOU TWO REALIZED WHAT I'M UP AGAINST! ORDINARILY, I WOULDN'T STOP AT DISGUIISING YOU ---I'D BE ON THAT TRAIN MYSELF! BUT I'VE TAKEN THIS MISSION IN GOOD FAITH ---AND UNTIL IT'S FINISHED ---MY HANDS ARE TIED!





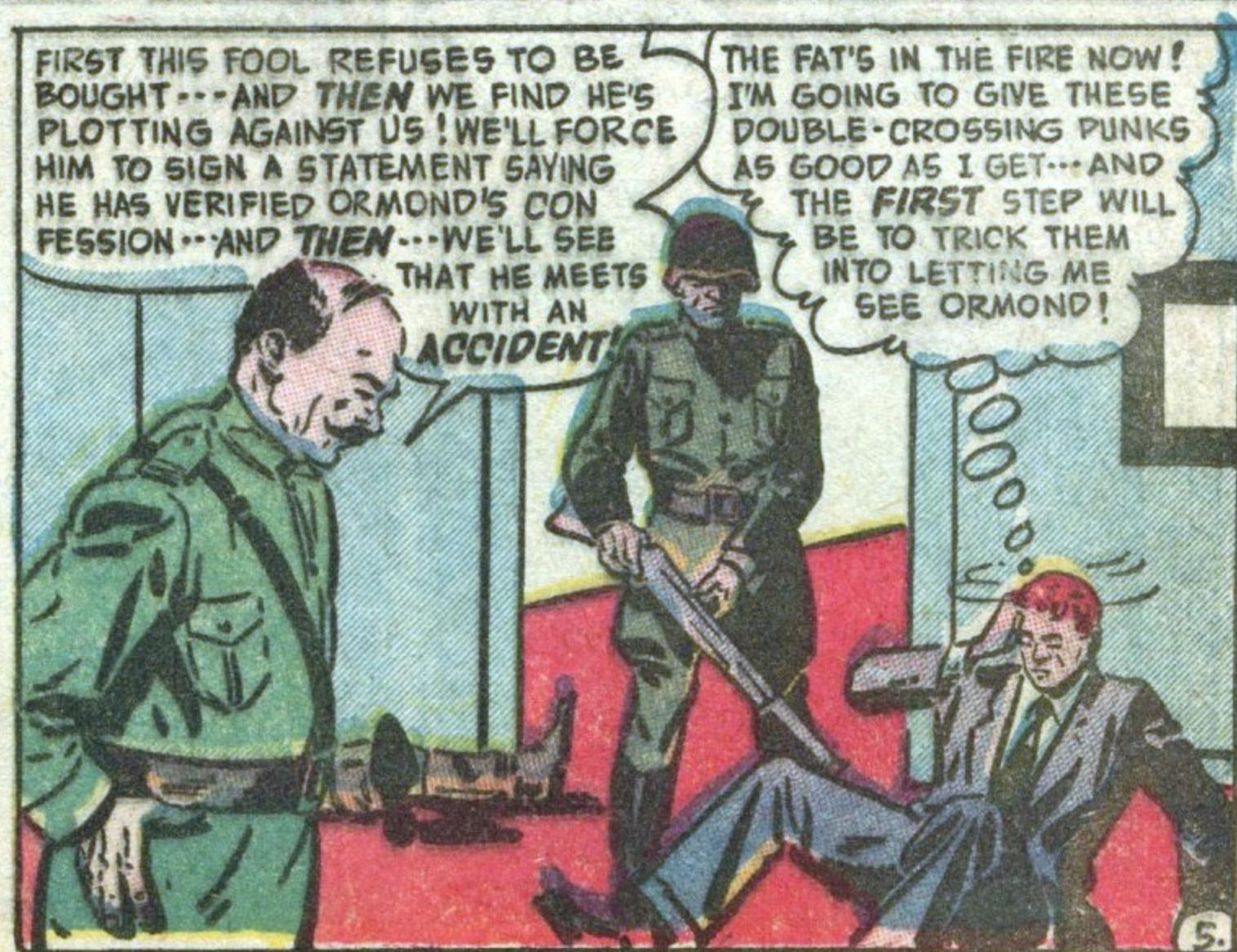
AT THAT MOMENT...IN THE CORRIDOR...

ARE YOU SURE THOSE TWO PEOPLE YOU SAW AT THE HOTEL SLAVIA ARE MEMBERS OF THE UNDERGROUND? IF NOT...IT WOULD BE BETTER NOT TO INTERRUPT THE COLONEL AT THIS TIME!

OFFICIALS ALL OVER CZECHOSLOVAKIA KNOW THEY CAN RELY ON ANY INFORMATION FROM BRUNO ARVANY! I INTEND TO SEE THE COLONEL...PERSONALLY!

HIM! HE'S THE ONE I JUST TOLD YOU ABOUT... THE AMERICAN THOSE TRAITORS CAME TO SEE!

LANCE LARSON! UP TO YOUR USUAL TRICKS, EH?



THERE'S ONE DETAIL YOU HAVEN'T COUNTED ON, BUD! ORMOND HAD A HUNCH **MONTHS** AGO THAT HE MIGHT BE ARRESTED...AND HE ALSO SUSPECTED YOU'D TRY TO PALM OFF A FAKE INTERVIEW TO "PROVE" HIS GUILT! SO HE ARRANGED A **SECRET PASSWORD**...AND UNLESS IT'S INCLUDED IN ANY REPORT YOU FORCE ME TO WRITE... **WASHINGTON WILL KNOW IT'S STRICTLY PHONY!**



SOON AFTERWARD...AT THE GRIM PRISON RESERVED FOR POLITICAL CASES...

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANYTHING ELSE WORTH CONFISCATING! TAKE HIM TO ORMOND'S CELL...IN THE EAST WING!

GOOD THING I'VE MADE A PRACTISE OF STRAPPING MY MAKEUP KIT TO MY LEG! AND BEING CASUAL ABOUT THESE CIGARETTES HELPS A LOT, TOO!



PACING THROUGH THE CELL BLOCK, LANCE CAREFULLY OBSERVES THE LOCATION OF EVERY BARRED DOOR... THE POSITION OF THE GUARDS... ANY DETAIL THAT MAY FACILITATE A SINGLE PURPOSE... **ESCAPE!**



AS THE CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT...

SO YOU'RE THE ONE THEY LURED TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA! HAVE THEY FORCED YOU TO SIGN ANYTHING?

NOPE! BUT RIGHT NOW, ORMOND... I'M WORRIED ABOUT THIS!

THE ARMY DEVELOPED THESE CIGARETTES...EXCLUSIVELY FOR COUNTERESPIONAGE AGENTS AND DEMOLITION UNITS! IMAGINE A CONDEMNED SPY LIGHTING UP ONE OF THESE FOR HIS LAST SMOKE...WHEN THE END HE PLACES IN HIS MOUTH

CONTAINS A CHARGE OF PICTHITE...A POWERFUL NEW EXPLOSIVE!



A MOMENT LATER...

O.K. LANCE... THE GUARD'S WITHIN SIX PACES OF THE DOOR!

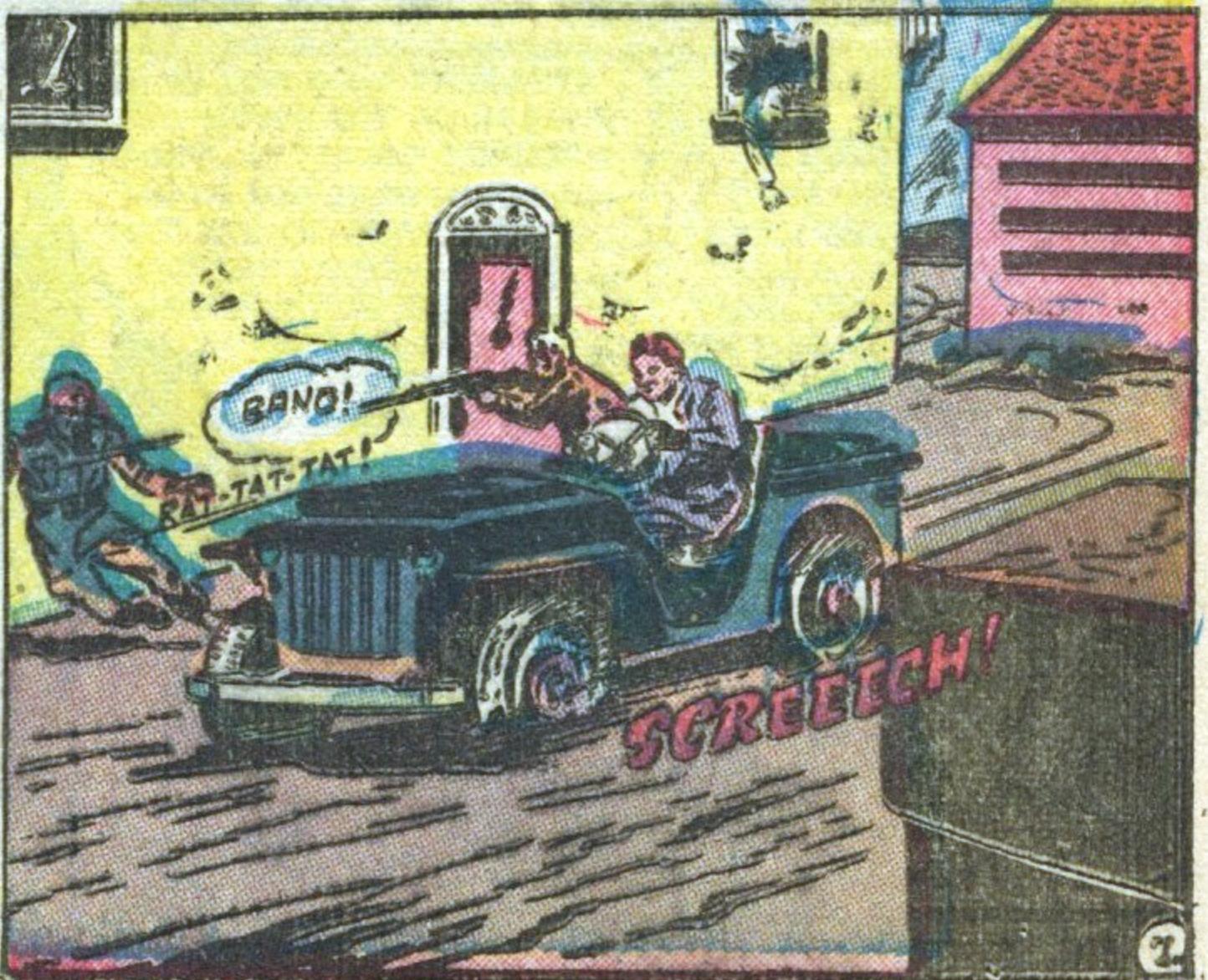
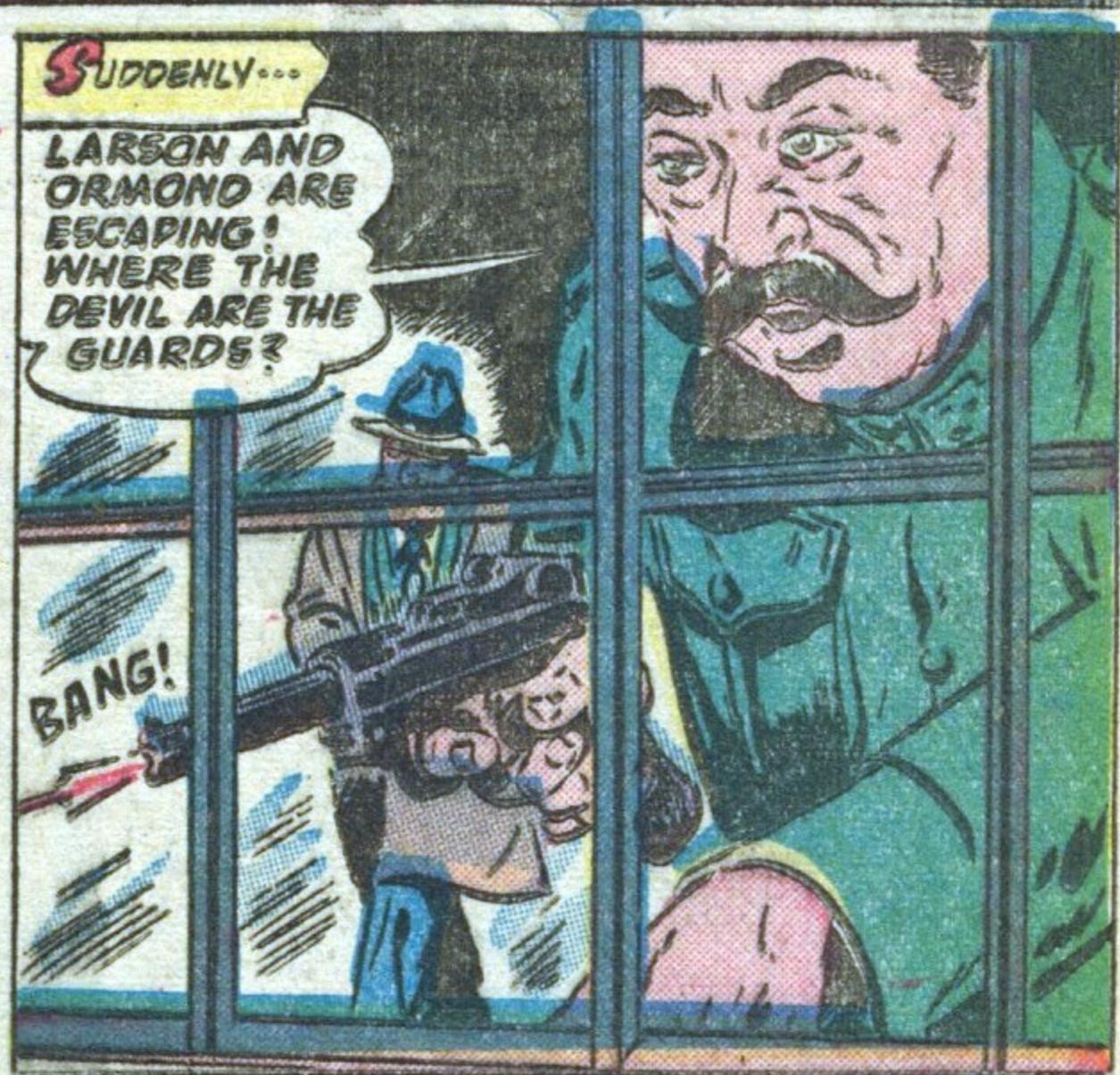
CHECK! GET OVER HERE... FAST!



THEN...

BOOM!





NICE GOING SO FAR--BUT OUR LUCK CAN'T HOLD! WE'LL BE RUNNING INTO ROAD BLOCKS BEFORE WE GET TEN MILES!

MUST BE ABOUT 10:30... I'M SURE I CAN GET US THROUGH, ORMOND... BUT WHAT I'M WORRYING ABOUT IS A THROUGH TRAIN TO THE BORDER THAT LEFT PRAGUE ABOUT A HALF-HOUR AGO! THERE'S A CHANCE WE CAN MAKE CONTACT... IF WE RISK A SHORT CUT OVER A MILITARY ROAD CLUTTERED WITH PATROLS!

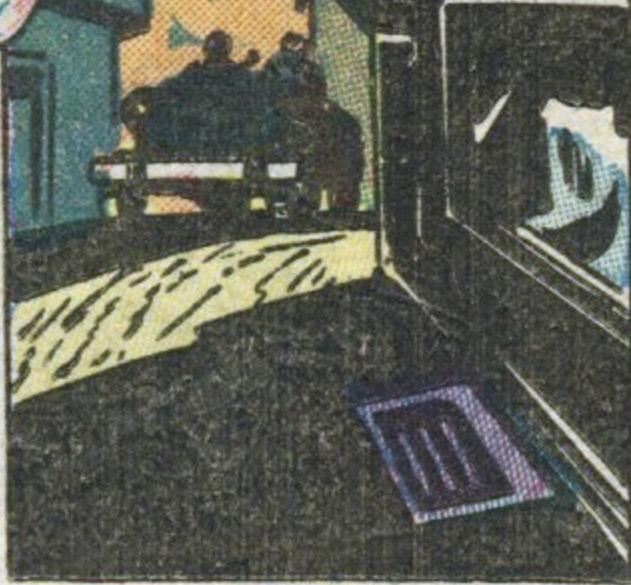
I'M GAME, LANCE--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SHEER SUICIDE!

NOT IF WE MAKE A QUICK STOP AT A SMALL SHOP I KNOW OF--IN ONE OF THESE BACK ALLEYS!

20 MINUTES LATER--

LANCE LARSON! I LEARNED FROM THE GRAPEVINE THAT YOU WERE IN PRAGUE--BUT I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE!

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A FAST CHANGE, ANTON! LET'S HAVE A COLONEL'S UNIFORM--AND THEN SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN A SNAPPY DOUBLE-BREasted OUTFIT!



IN HOUR LATER--

BOHEMIA CHORAL SOCIETY H.Q. CALLING FRANZ... ABOARD FREEDOM EXPRESS! A FAST TROOP TRAIN HAS JUST LEFT PRAGUE... ASSIGNED TO OVERTAKE YOU! MOBILE UNITS HAVE ALSO BEEN ORDERED TO PURSUE!

I THOUGHT WE'D PICK UP A FLASH ON THE UNDER-GROUND'S SECRET FREQUENCY, ORMOND! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET THAT TRAIN THROUGH--OR THOSE SIXTY FUGITIVES ARE AS GOOD AS EXECUTED!



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND--

YE GODS, LANCE--THIS IS GOING TO TAKE NERVE!

I'LL HANDLE THIS! JUST STAY PUT--AND LOOK IMPORTANT!

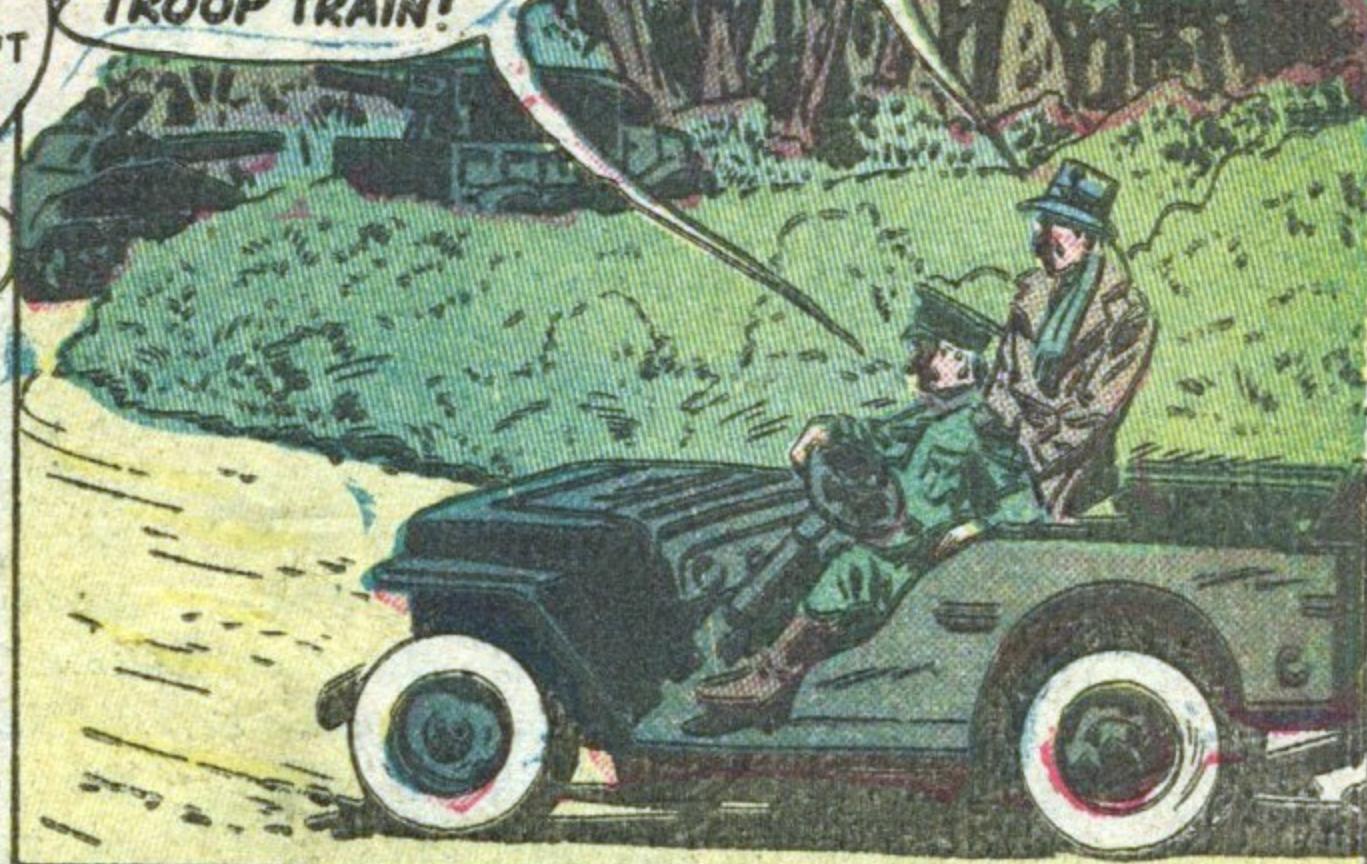


WAH! I CAN SEE WHERE
WE GOT THE TIP ON THAT
HIJACKED TRAIN, ARVANY
---WITH YOU TAKING
PART IN THE PUR-
SUIT!

THE INFORMATION WAS
GARBLED, MAJOR! THE
TRAIN CARRYING THOSE
TRAITORS DIDN'T LEAVE
PRAGUE UNTIL 10:30...
IT WILL BE PASSING
HERE ANY MINUTE!
DON'T SAY YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN WARNED---AND
REMEMBER THE
COLONEL'S IN
MY JEEP---
WATCHING!

YOU CERTAINLY BUPPALOED
'EM, LANCE! THEY'RE
RACING LIKE SIXTY TO
THE NEAREST JUNCTION
---NOT REALIZING THEY'LL
BE INTERCEPTING THE
TROOP TRAIN!

THIS I GOTTA GEE!
WE'LL DRIVE TO THE
TOP OF THE CREST!



MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S A BIG HELP, ORMOND!
BY THE TIME THE TRACK'S CLEARED
---THE TRAIN THE REDS MEANT
TO STOP WILL BE SAFELY
ACROSS THE FRONTIER!



SOON AFTERWARD... WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE
FRONTIER...

IT'S AN ARMY JEEP,
FRANZ! THEY WOULDN'T
BE SCOUTING THIS
CLOSE---UNLESS
THERE WERE
ARMORED UNITS
NEARBY!

THE DOGS AREN'T GOING TO
STOP US NOW---NOT WHEN
WE'RE ALMOST WITHIN SIGHT
OF THE BORDER! WHATEVER
HAPPENS, VELMA---WE'RE
GETTING THROUGH!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

FRANZ... WAIT! THERE'S
THE SIGN OF THE DOUBLE L
---IT MEANS LANCE LARSON
---IT MEANS WE'RE
SAFE!



AT A MIDNIGHT REUNION IN FREE GERMANY...

LANCE... I DON'T HAVE TO TELL
YOU WHAT THIS NEW-FOUND FREE-
DOM MEANS TO US! BY DAWN,
THE UNDERGROUND IN EVERY
COUNTRY BEHIND THE IRON
CURTAIN WILL SPREAD THE
NEWS---NEWS THAT WILL
GIVE FRESH HOPE AND
COURAGE TO MILLIONS...
LANCE LARSON
HAS BEEN
BACK!

HONEY, THERE'S GOING
TO BE PLENTY OF NEWS
SPREAD ON OUR
SIDE OF THE IRON
CURTAIN... WHEN A
CERTAIN NEWSMAN NAMED
JIM ORMOND GIVES HIS
ACCOUNT OF COMMUNISM IN
ACTION!



LANCE LARSON STAGES ANOTHER ONE-MAN
COMMANDO RAID FOR DEMOCRACY---IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!

THE END!

GEM of a PLOT

DKNESS HAD ALREADY fallen over the city of Singapore when Chip Morrissey, free-lance adventurer and soldier of fortune, walked up to the small, dingy shop in the native quarter and knocked four times on the door. A moment later, the door opened a crack, a wary eye peered out at him, and then the door opened wide.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Morrisey," the fat Portuguese man beamed. "You're right on time for our appointment."

Chip glanced with distaste at the crafty, smirking face and said, "Okay, Monforte... let's see those gems you told me about. I've got fifty thousand dollars in American money in my pockets to pay for them if they're genuine...but I warn you not to try anything funny, because I also happen to have a revolver in my pocket."

Monforte threw up his hands in mock indignation. "But I would *never* think of robbing you...especially since everyone from Singapore to Suez knows how well you use a revolver. Besides, I am an honest man!"

"Cut the malarkey, Monforte. You're one of the biggest crooks in the Far East...and I know it. So let's get down to business...where are the gems?"

Monforte shrugged, and produced a large chamois bag from his inside jacket. Wordlessly, Chip took it, opened the bag, and removed a handful of gems from the top of the large pile inside...and began examining them carefully.

It took every effort of will for Chip to keep from whistling out loud in surprise... for his trained eye immediately discerned that the large rubies, emeralds and sapphires before him were all genuine, worth at least \$10,000 apiece. If all the gems in the bag were genuine, the total worth would be close to a million.

Suddenly, an excited Eurasian flung open the door of the shop and spoke quickly in Portuguese to Monforte. Moments later, Monforte turned worriedly to Chip and said,

"I've just received information that some of my rivals are on the way here to rob me of my gems...we'll have to leave immediately. We can transact our business in a quiet, dark alley I know a few blocks from here."

"Okay," Chip said, "but I'm carrying the gems. I don't want to take a chance on you switching bags and selling me a bag of worthless pieces of glass."

Monforte shrugged. "Very well...but come...we'll have to run."

While running through the dark, tortuous alleys of Singapore, Chip realized how cunning was Monforte's plot. The gems in the bag were being shaken up by the run... so that if there had merely been a handful of genuine jewels on top of the bag, they would now be mixed with the remaining batch of fake gems. And since Monforte would insist on transacting their business in the dark alley, for fear of his enemies, Chip would have to be just a bit more cunning than the Portuguese fat man.

Minutes later, Monforte halted in a dark alley and said, "All right...we'll be safe here. Hurry now...pick out the gems you want...at \$1,000 each."

"It's a deal," Chip said, opening the bag. "But I must insist on observing a superstition of mine...I always taste every gem I buy...and if I don't like the taste, I don't buy it."

"A quaint habit," Monforte said, "but go ahead."

Half an hour later, Chip walked away minus \$10,000...but with ten gems worth \$100,000. "Lucky Monforte didn't know that fake or glass gems become warm almost at once when held to the tongue," Chip thought, "and that genuine gems remain cold for some time. He probably thought it would be impossible for me to pick ten real gems out of two hundred phoney ones...but he was sure left holding the bag!"

"POPSICLE" KIDS CAPTURE A BANDIT

TESS AND TIM STYMIE A STICK-UP

HOWDY, YOUNGSTERS! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE? I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU... LOOKS REAL, DOESN'T IT?



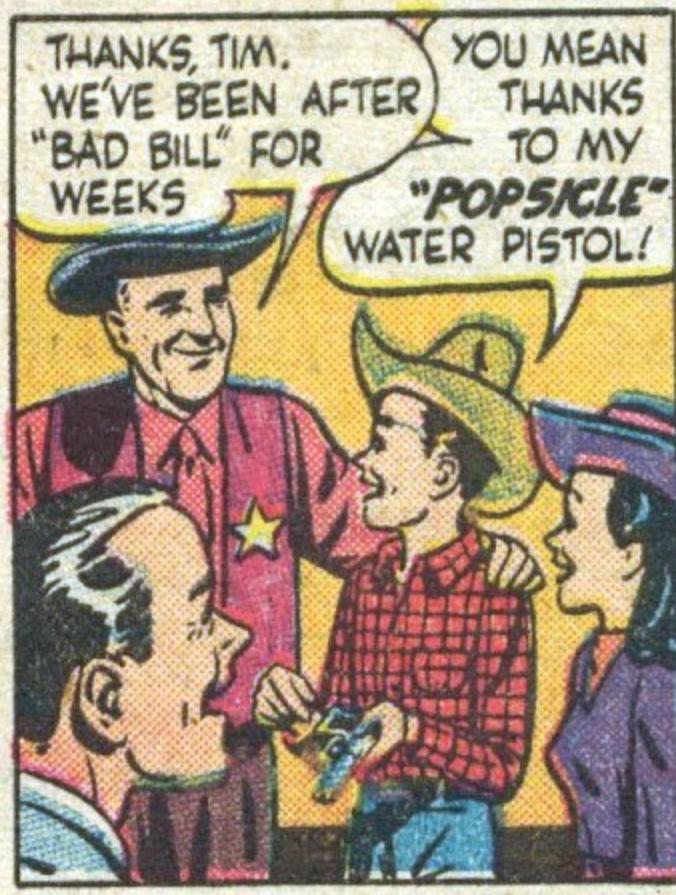
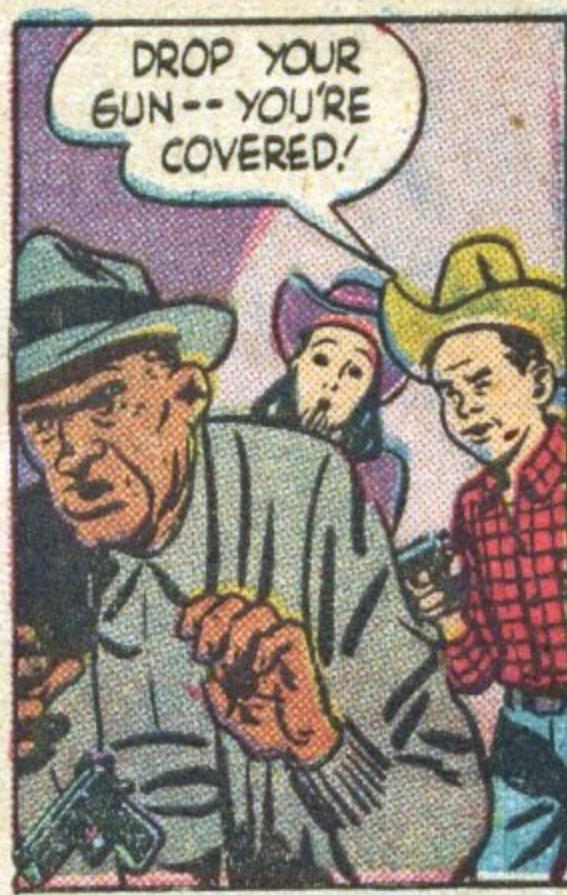
HURRY UP WITH THAT DOUGH! I'LL TRY TO BLUFF HIM

DROP YOUR GUN -- YOU'RE COVERED!

THANKS, TIM. WE'VE BEEN AFTER "BAD BILL" FOR WEEKS

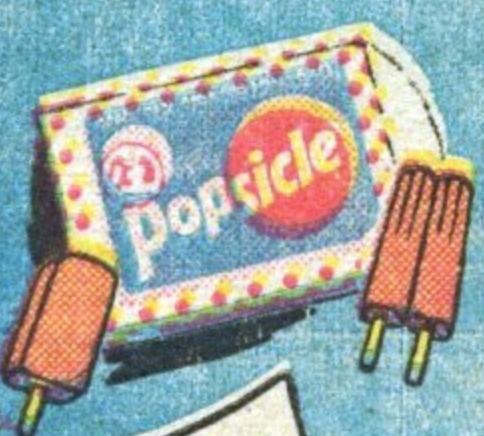
YOU MEAN THANKS TO MY "POPSICLE" WATER PISTOL!

WOW, THAT WAS A THRILLER! NOT NEARLY AS THRILLING AS THE GIFTS YOU GET BY SAVING BAGS WITH THE POLKA DOTS!



GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more... ask for **GIANT GIFT LIST FREE** at your Ice Cream Store... or write to "POPSICLE PETE" at address nearest you

Address "POPSICLE PETE"
Dept. B, Box 678, N. Y. 46 N. Y.
2856 East 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

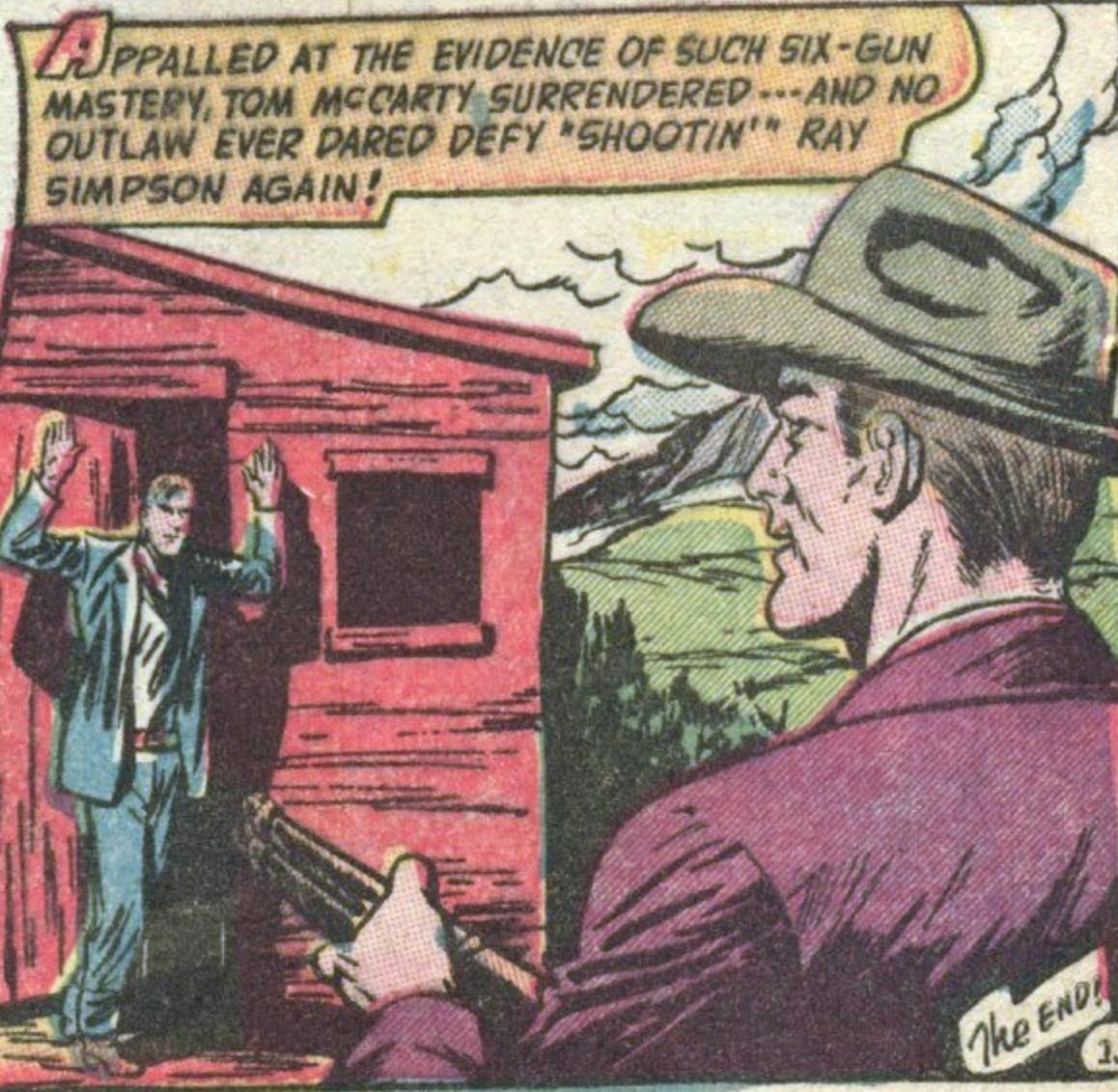
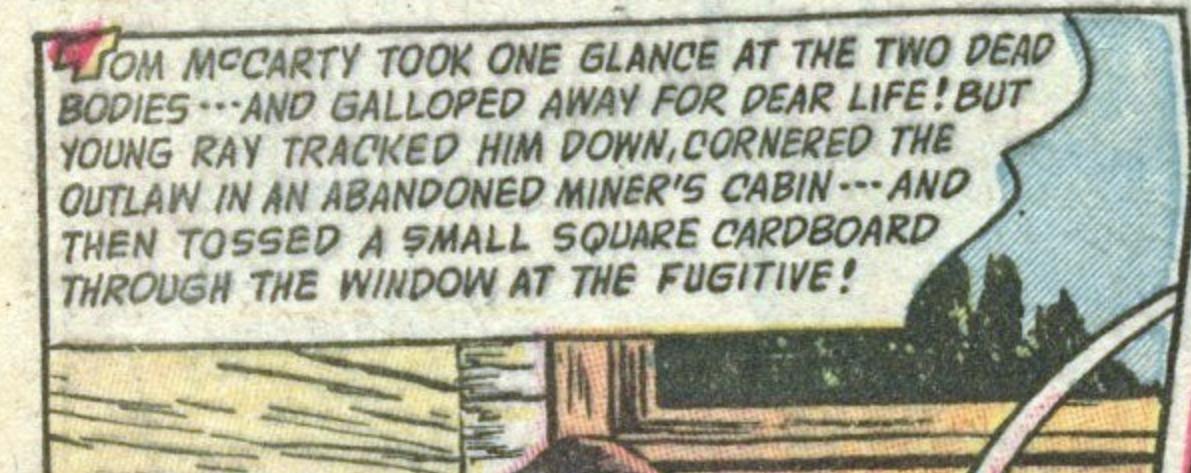
UNSUNG WESTERN HEROES

"SHOOTIN'"
RAY
SIMPSON

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY UNSUNG HEROES OF THE OLD WEST WAS W. RAY SIMPSON, A YOUNG HARDWARE MERCHANT OF DELTA, COLORADO---WHOSE UNCANNY FEATS WITH A SIXGUN SOON EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME "SHOOTIN'!"



THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN "SHOOTIN'" RAY'S ABILITIES WERE PUT TO THE TEST AGAINST HUMAN TARGETS! IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE NOTORIOUS McCARTY GANG HELD UP THE MERCHANT'S BANK AT DELTA...



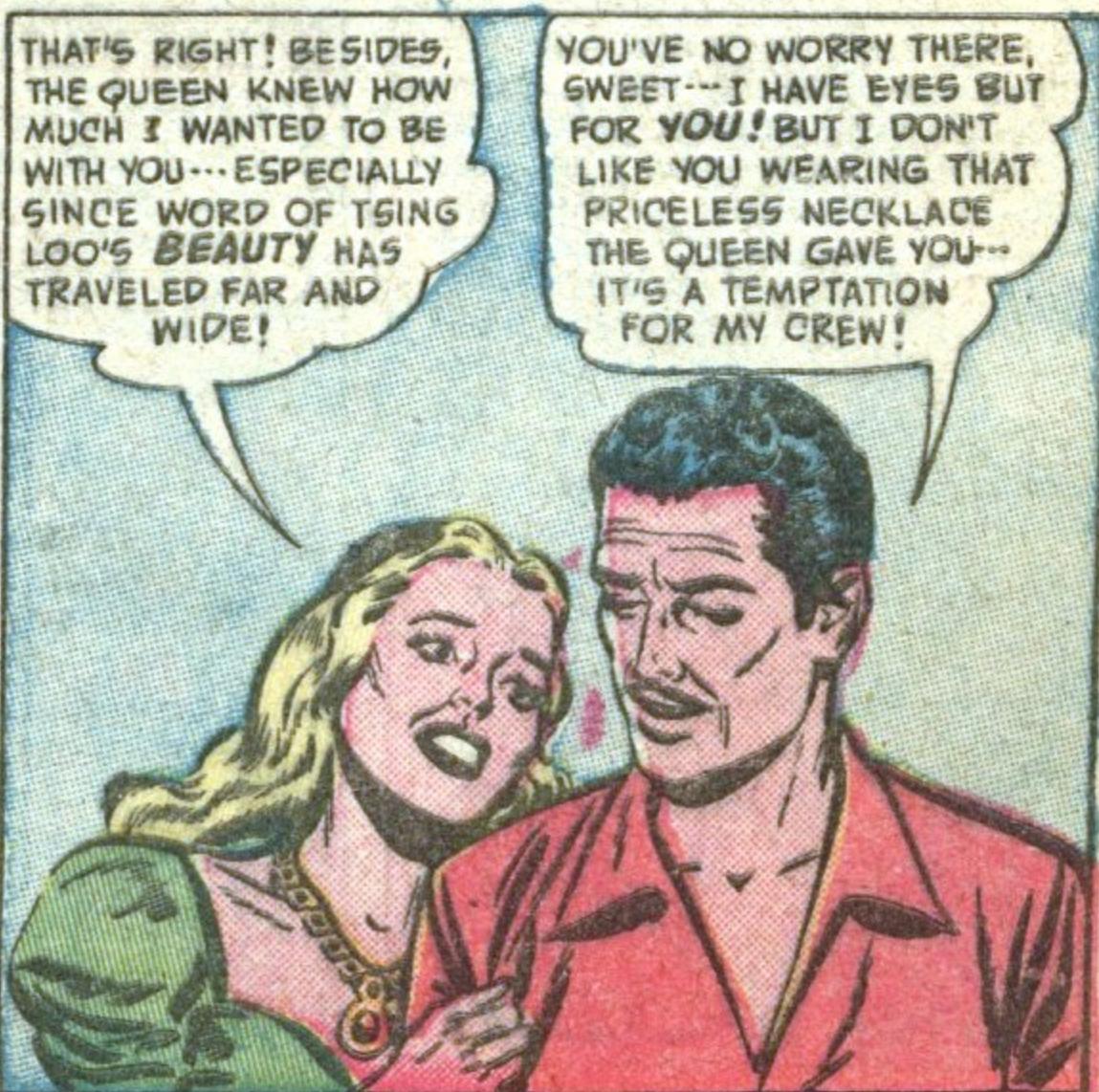
THE END!

Captain CROSSBONES!

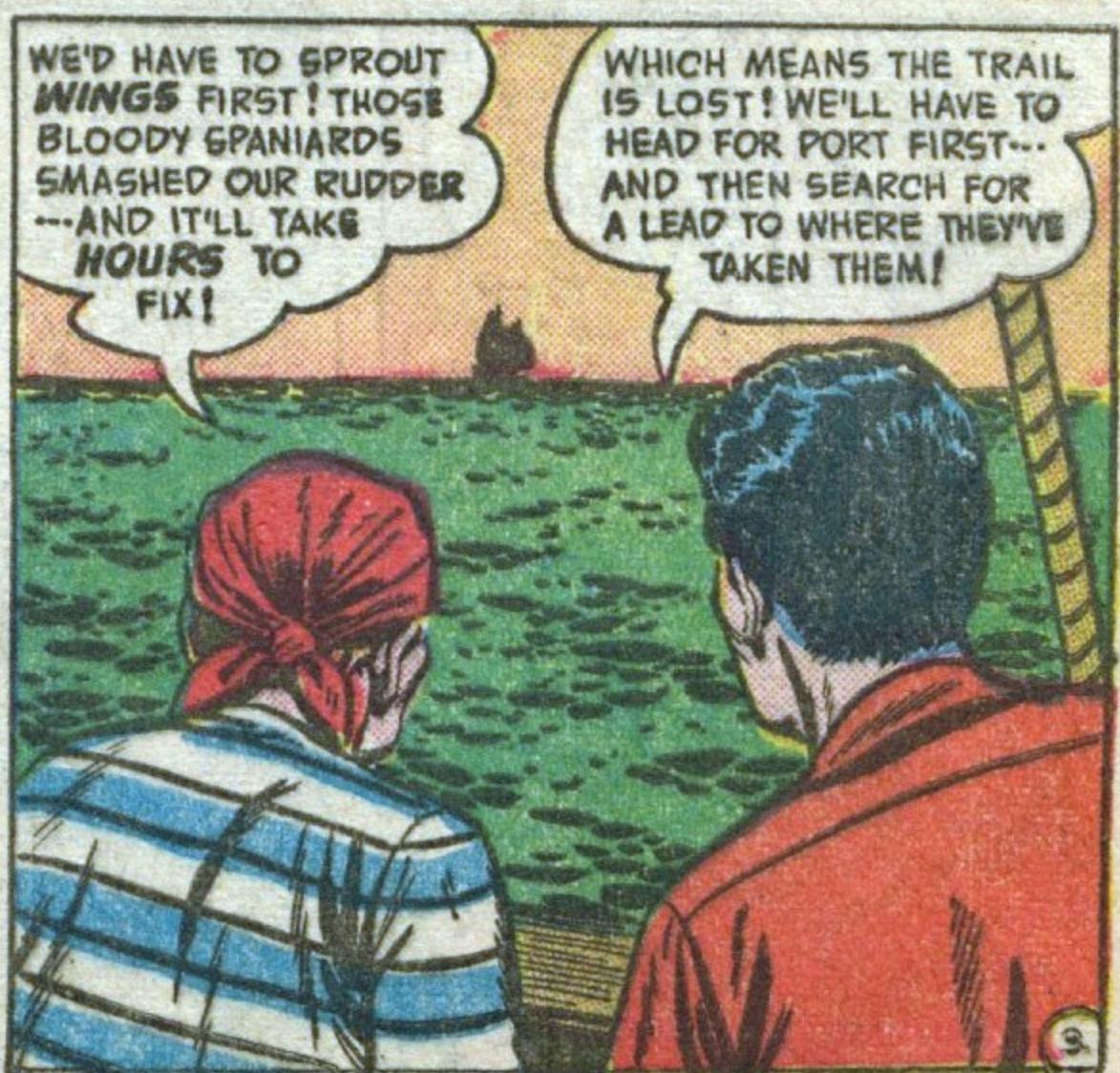


LET'S GO BACK THROUGH TIME, READER---BACK TO THAT LONG-DEAD AGE WHEN BUCCANEERS RULED THE DEEP, AND THE CLANG OF CUTLASSES BESPOKE THE FIGHTING HEARTS OF FIGHTING MEN! THAT WAS THE RED-BLOODED HEYDAY OF CAPTAIN CROSSBONES, BLACK AVENGER OF THE SPANISH MAIN---A DIFFERENT TYPE OF PIRATE, WHO PLACED LOYALTY TO GOOD QUEEN BESS BEFORE PLUNDER! JOIN HIM AND LADY NANCY ON A THRILLING CRUISE ABOARD THE RED ROVER---A CRUISE DESTINED TO WRITE HISTORY IN THE ANNALS OF HAIRBREATH COMBAT!

John Whitley







LATER--THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF TSING LOO
---WHO RULES AMONG WITH BEAUTY AND BRAINS---

IT WILL COME AS A SURPRISE
TO THE BRITISH TO LEARN
THAT THE SPANIARDS
HAVE ALREADY BEEN
HERE AND HAVE MADE
THEIR OFFER! WILL
YOU ACCEPT IT,
YOUR MAJESTY?

THAT, MY DEAR, DEPENDS
UPON WHAT THE BRITISH
HAVE TO OFFER--WHEN
THEY ARRIVE!

IMPORTANT TIDINGS, OH
EXALTED FLOWER OF
HEAVEN! EVEN AS WE
SPEAK, THE ENGLISH
VESSEL DOCKS IN
THE HARBOR!

EXCELLENT, AH KIM!
GO TO THEM AT ONCE
---ESCORT THEM TO
MY THRONE!

YOUR WORDS ARE MY COMMAND,
EXCELLENCY! IT IS MY HOPE
THAT YOU DECIDE IN THEIR
FAVOR--I LIKE NOT THE
SPANIARDS!

BUT THEY HAVE OFFERED
ME MUCH GOLD! LET US
SEE IF THE BRITISH CAN
DO AS WELL!

EVEN THEN--IN THE HIDEOUT OF DON VENENO, THE
SPANISH ENVOY WHO WOOS TSING LOO FOR THE TRADE
TREASURES OF HER LAND--

RELEASE US--
OR DARE THE
WRATH OF
ENGLAND!

SPANISH MIGHT FEARS
NOT YOUR PALTRY NATION!
AH, MY SPIES DID WELL
IN INTERCEPTING YOU!

KEEP...KEEP
YOUR HANDS
OFF HER,
OR--

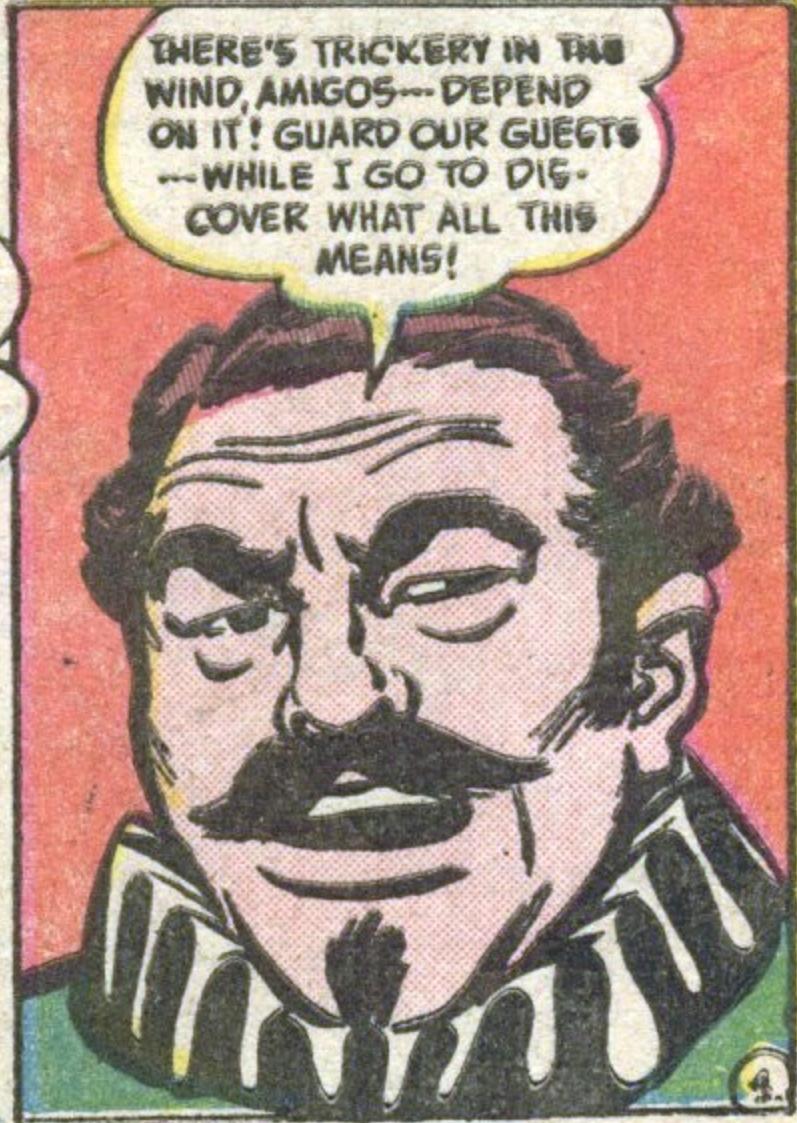
SILENCE,
FOOL! THIS
NECKLACE--IT'S
WORTH A KING'S
RANSOM! YOU
WERE WISE,
HOPING TO WIN
A WOMAN THUS
---BUT NOW--

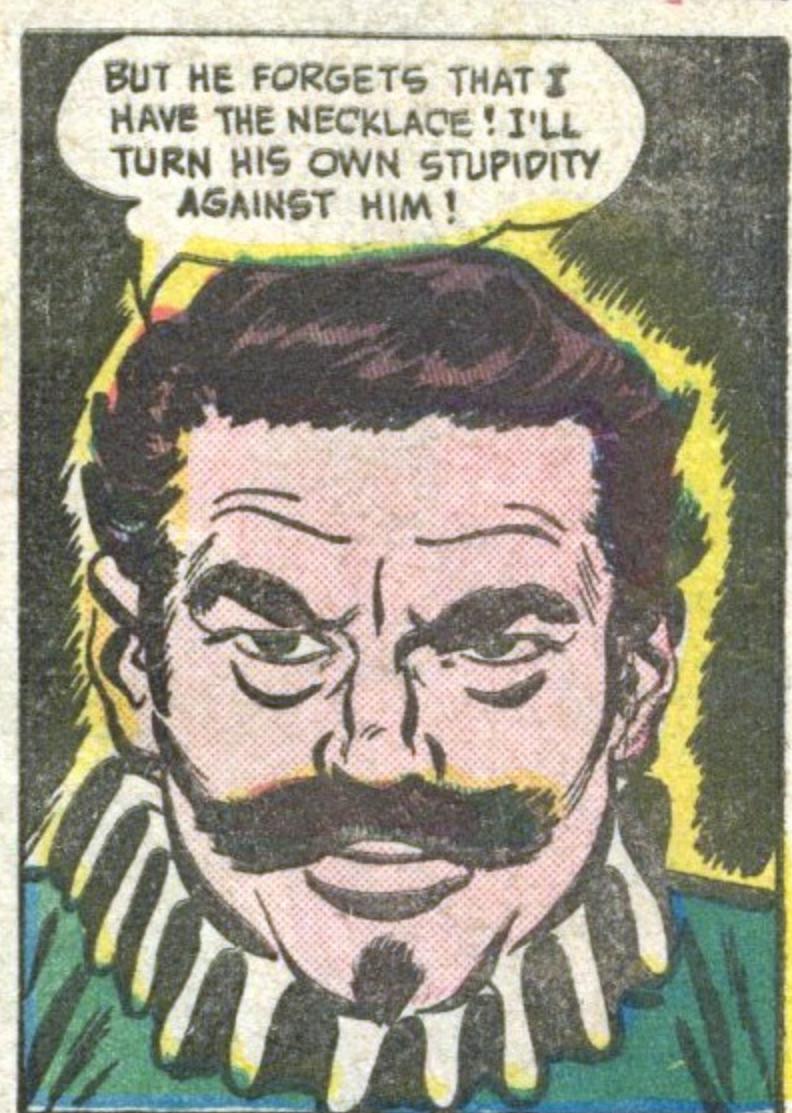
Suddenly--

EXCELLENCY, I RETURN FROM
SPYING ON TSING LOO'S
COURT--WHERE EVEN
NOW, THEY PREPARE TO
WELCOME THE
BRITISH
AMBASSADOR!

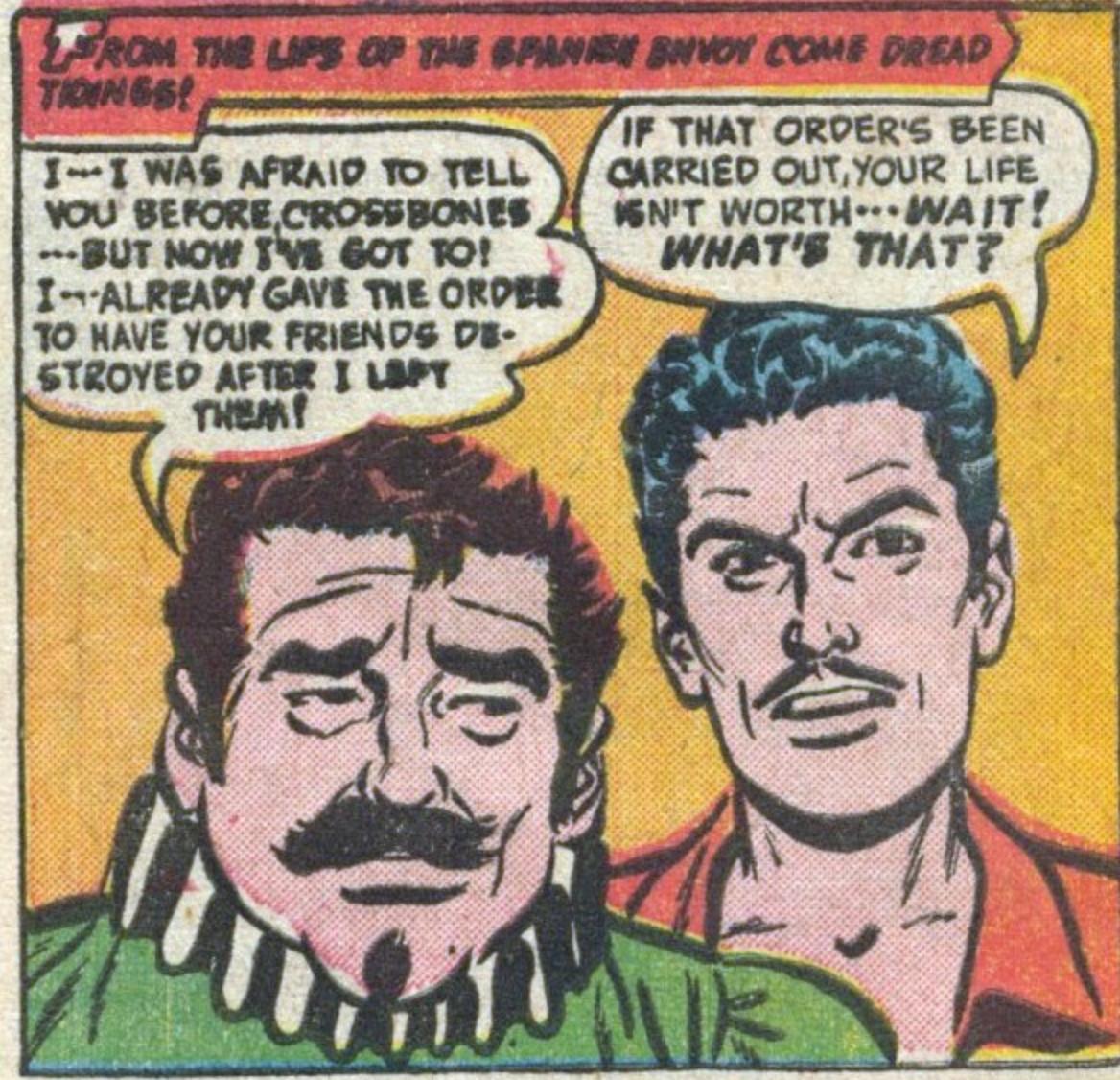
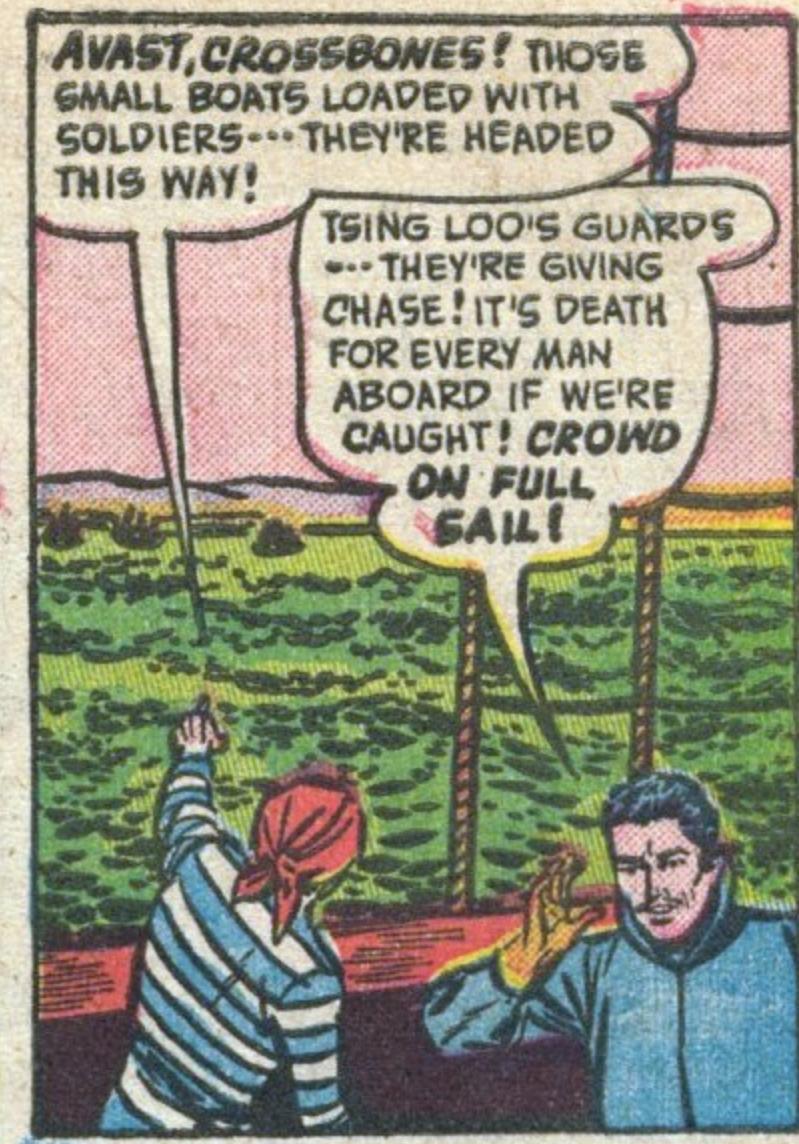
BUT--
BUT THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE!
HE IS HERE
--MY
PRISONER!

THERE'S TRICKERY IN THE
WIND, AMIGOS--DEPEND
ON IT! GUARD OUR GUESTS
--WHILE I GO TO DIS-
COVER WHAT ALL THIS
MEANS!









WITH PHANTOM SWIFTNESS, THE RED ROVER BEARS DOWN ON THE SMALLER CRAFT!

BOARD, MEN... AND FIGHT!

IT'S... CAPTAIN CROSSBONES! BATTLE, COM-PADRES... FOR YOUR LIVES!

PIRATE STEEL CLANGS IN A ROUISING ACTION!

DOG, I'LL MAKE YOU... ARGH!

SHOW 'EM HOW BRITONS FIGHT, ME HEARTIES!

DARLING... I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN! HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO...

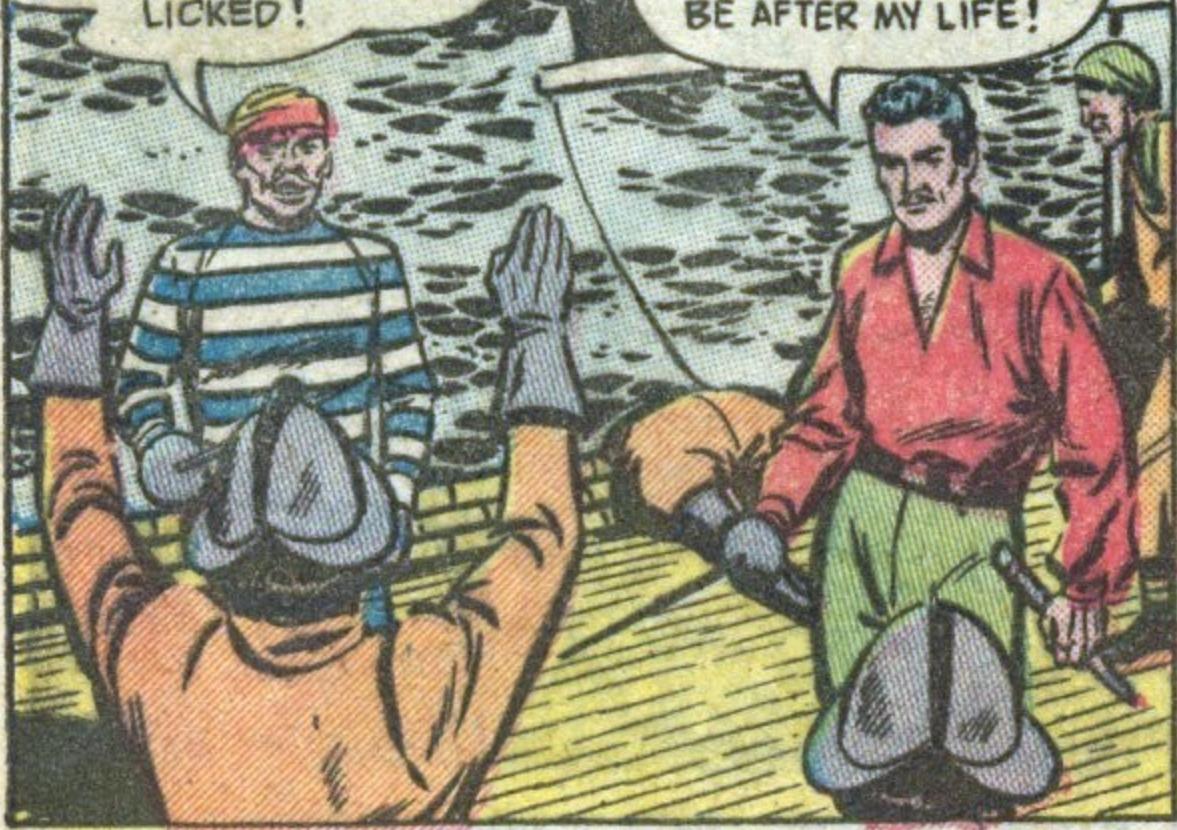
LATER, NANCY... THERE'S STILL NEED FOR MY SWORD!



WHEN THE BATTLE IS WON...

BLIMEY, CROSSBONES, THESE SPANIARDS SURE LEARN COURTESY IN A HURRY... WHEN THEY'RE LICKED!

AYE, DUKE... AND NOW WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THEM EXPLAIN MATTERS TO TSING LOO! AFTER THAT SCENE IN HER CASTLE, SHE'LL STILL BE AFTER MY LIFE!



WHEN, SUDDENLY... A HAIL FROM THE PORT SIDE...

ABOARD THE RED ROVER! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST... IN THE NAME OF TSING LOO!

I'VE GOT TO GIVE IN... OR ENGLAND WILL NEVER GET THAT TREATY! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED... BECAUSE UNLESS SHE SEE THINGS OUR WAY... IT'S DEATH FOR EVERY MAN-JACK ABOARD!



LATER, IN THE PALACE OF TSING LOO, WHEN THE WHOLE STORY OF DECEPTION AND INTRIGUE HAS BEEN UNFOLDED...

CAPTAIN, I SHOULD HAVE YOU BEHEADED FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU... YOU MADE A MOCKERY OF COURT PROCEDURE!

WHAT I DID, OH EXALTED AND BEAUTIFUL ONE, WAS FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY! I MEANT NO INSULT TO YOU!



I'M WOMAN ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU ACTED COURAGEOUSLY... RESOURCEFULLY! THAT IS WHY ENGLAND SHALL GAIN MY TRADE! YOU ARE INDEED A FORTUNATE GIRL TO HAVE SUCH A 'MAN, LADY NANCY!



This never happened to your bike before!

The **ALL new**

U.S. ROYAL RIDER



"JET-RIDE"

**Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!**

- **Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire made!** Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did. It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast 165% farther!
- **Lasts Twice as Long** as ordinary bike tires! Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- **Maneuvers like a "Lightweight"**—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- **Grips and Holds the Road** in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!



U.S. ROYAL

**BICYCLE
TIRES**

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Hoot

OWL

THE SUN WAS setting over the Talkeetna Mountains in southern Alaska, and far off in the distance a fox barked at the coming of night. Hank Halliday paused to listen to the barks as he trudged along the trail that led through the dense forest from his small placer gold mine to his cabin up the slope...and he grinned as he looked at his wrist-watch and saw that the fox was right on time again tonight.

Ever since Hank had struck gold in the lonely, rugged Alaskan Mountains, he had learned to love all the forest noises...for they were frequently the only sounds he heard for weeks on end. In the long evenings after getting back to his cabin, he would sit and study the barkings of foxes, the hooting of the Alaskan owls, the howling of wolves...and he soon found that many animals kept exact schedules. That fox, for example, could be counted on to bark at precisely the same minute each evening...and it gave Hank a gratifying feeling of security to know that the world of nature was so dependable and predictable.

Hank had also found the world of nature to be bountiful...for in the brief half year he had been there, he had extracted over \$100,000 worth of gold dust from the rich vein he had struck. Four times he had made the long, lonely trek down to the town of Talkeetna to deposit his gold in the local bank...and each time the amount of gold he had brought down from the mountains had caused excited comment among the townspeople.

Naturally, Hank never told his eager questioners just where his gold strike was located. But he had to pay a price for his silence...for upon each return to the mountains, Hank had to take tortuous false trails for days on end before he could finally shake off the dozens of gold-hungry men who followed him in an attempt to learn his secret.

He had always managed to lose his trailers in the wild ruggedness of the Talkeetna forests...but now, as Hank entered his crude cabin and unslung the day's pouches of gold dust, he suddenly froze in fear as a voice spoke out from the shadows behind the cabin door: "Reach...or die!"

Hank raised his arms and slowly turned around. The man crouching near the door held a revolver on him, and the gunman's face was twisted in a sneer of triumph as he said, "Ha...you thought all the Talkeetna townsmen had given up tryin' to find your shack and gold strike...but I never gave up! I've been prowlin' around in these mountains for the last two months, knowin' I'd find you sooner or later. An' now I'm gonna blast your head off, take your gold...an' work your mine for myself!"

Thinking swiftly, Hank glanced at the wall clock above the fire-place. "Don't be a fool," he said calmly. "Don't you think I knew someone would stumble on my cabin sooner or later? Don't you think I took steps to protect myself? There's only one trail you could have used to come up this part of the mountain...and two prospector friends of mine are always watching that trail. They agreed to follow anyone who came up that trail toward my cabin...and if you want proof, just listen!"

Hank cupped his hands to his mouth, let out with a mournful owl hoot...a moment later, an answering owl hoot came from outside the cabin. "They answered my signal," Hank said. "They're outside the window right now, with rifles pointing at you."

The gunman turned white and glanced toward the window. An instant later, Hank's fist smashed against the man's jaw, knocking him senseless. Picking up the fallen gun, Hank turned to the window and grinned, "Thanks, you old hoot owl...you were right on time again tonight!"

ACE CARTER

ADVENTURER

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO LAUGH AT THE JUNGLE GODS... WHEN YOU'RE SWAPPING YARNS ON THE SWELTERING DECK OF AN ORE SHIP TIED UP AT A VENEZUELAN PORT! BUT ACE CARTER HAS BEEN AROUND ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT LEGENDS HAVE AN ODD HABIT OF TRAPPING THE UNWARY... AND THAT A BEAUTIFUL GODDESS WHO COMES TO LIFE CAN MEAN A DOZEN SPEARS WHIZZING FROM THE PALM FRONDE!



IN A SMALL TOWN AT THE FRINGE OF THE VENEZUELAN JUNGLE...

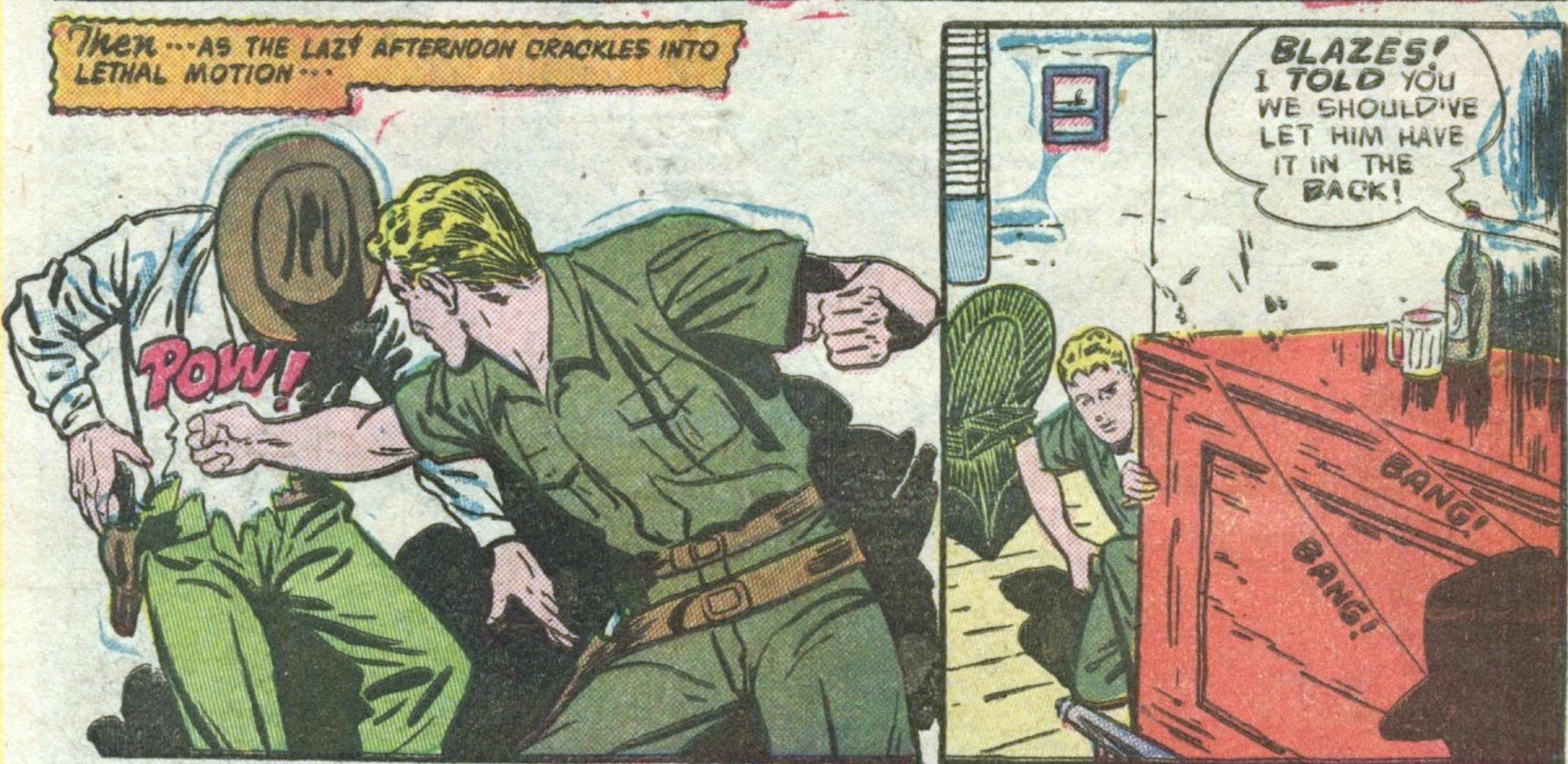
STRANGE... I WAS TOLD THERE'D BE NO ONE IN THIS BURG TO HELP ME GET MY PLANE REFUELED OTHER THAN A FEW INDIAN PEASANTS... BUT THESE CHARACTERS DON'T LOOK LIKE LOCALS TO ME! HMM... HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE... HEADING FOR ME!



GIMME A BEER!
...CARTER... I GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!

YOU KNOW ME, EH? OKAY...
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?





YOU MIGHT AT THAT,
CHIQUITA! I'M
LOOKING FOR THE
LOCAL CLINK--
JEFETURA, TO
YOU!

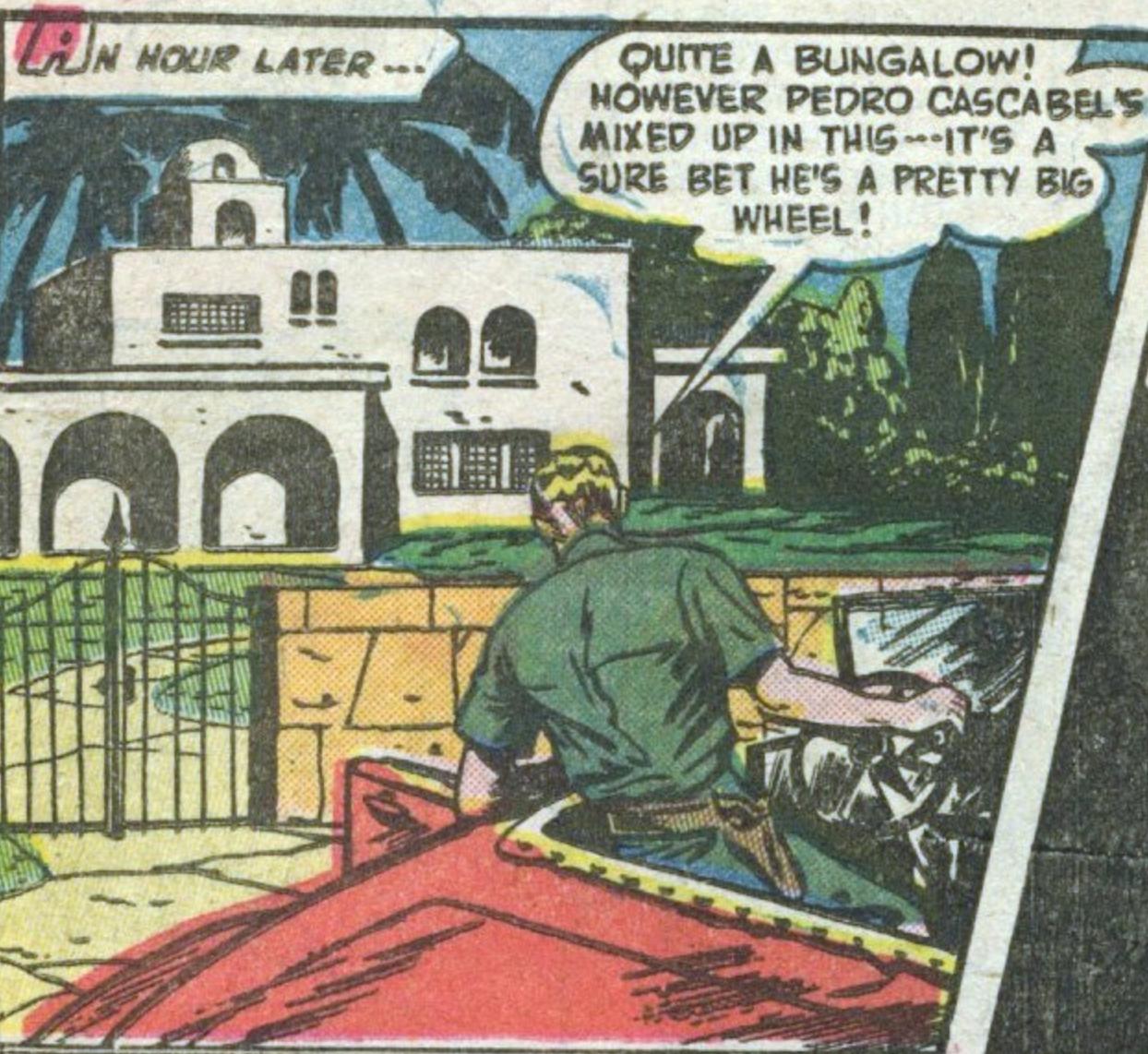
IT'S OVER THERE...
TWO CORNERS FROM
THE SQUARE! BUT DO
YOU HAVE TO GO
IMMEDIATELY...
ISN'T THERE SOME-
THING ELSE...?

T-655...ARB YOU
SURE, AMIGO? THAT
CAR IS OWNED BY
SEÑOR PEDRO
CASCABEL...IN
MARACAY!

THIRTY MILES FROM HERE,
EH? THANKS, GENERALISSIMO
...GUESS I CAN HIRE A CAR
AND BE BACK HERE IN TIME
TO TAKE OFF AT
DAWN!



UN HOUR LATER...



QUITE A BUNGALOW!
HOWEVER PEDRO CASCABEL'S
MIXED UP IN THIS--IT'S A
SURE BET HE'S A PRETTY BIG
WHEEL!

THE NAME'S ACE CARTER,
SEÑOR CASCABEL! I UNDER-
STAND T-655 IS YOUR
CAR--AND I THOUGHT YOU
COULD GIVE ME A LINE ON
THE THREE PUNKS WHO
USED IT FOR A
GETAWAY AFTER
JUMPING
ME!

I WISH YOU COULD
TELL ME SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE RASCALS,
CARTER--BECAUSE THAT
CAR WAS STOLEN
FROM MY GARAGE!
BUT ABOUT THIS
ATTACK...DO YOU
KNOW THE
REASON?



I CAN TAKE A STAB AT IT! I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE HEARD OF CIMA RICA...
THE MOUNTAIN THAT'S ALMOST
PURE IRON ORE...DEEP IN THE
BUSH ABOUT A
HUNDRED MILES NATURALLY--IT'S
SOUTH OF THE ALMOST A LEGEND
ORINOCO! AMONG US VENE-

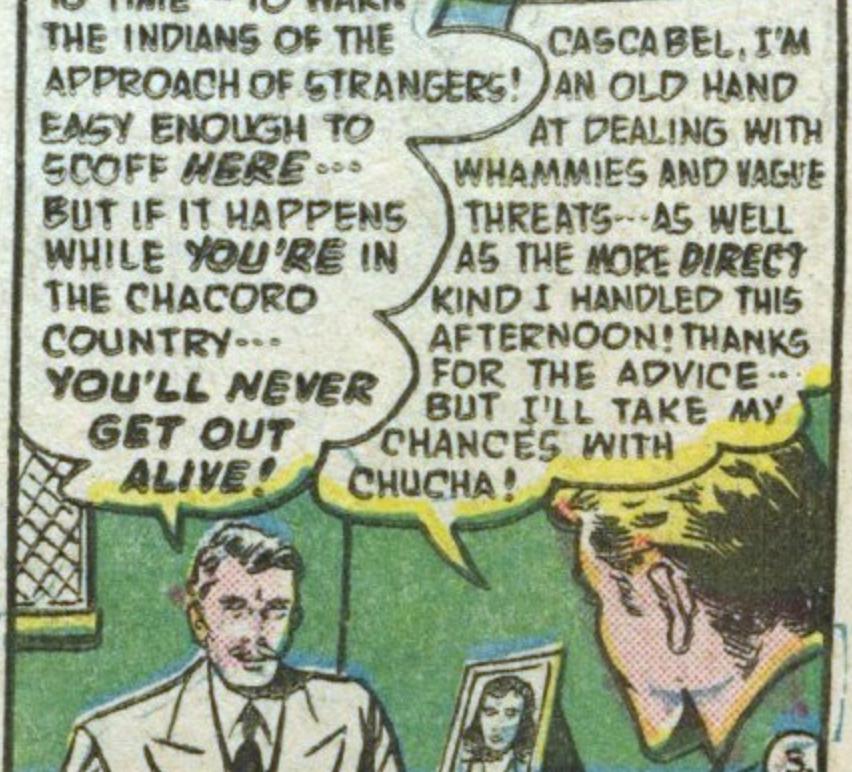
ZUELA'S! MILLIONS
OF TONS OF ORE, WAIT-
ING FOR THE BLAST
FURNACES OF THE WORLD
-- AND ONLY ONE OBSTACLE!
CIMA RICA LIES IN THE COUN-
TRY OF THE CHACORO
INDIANS--THE FIERCEST
HEAD HUNTERS
IN THE JUNGLE!

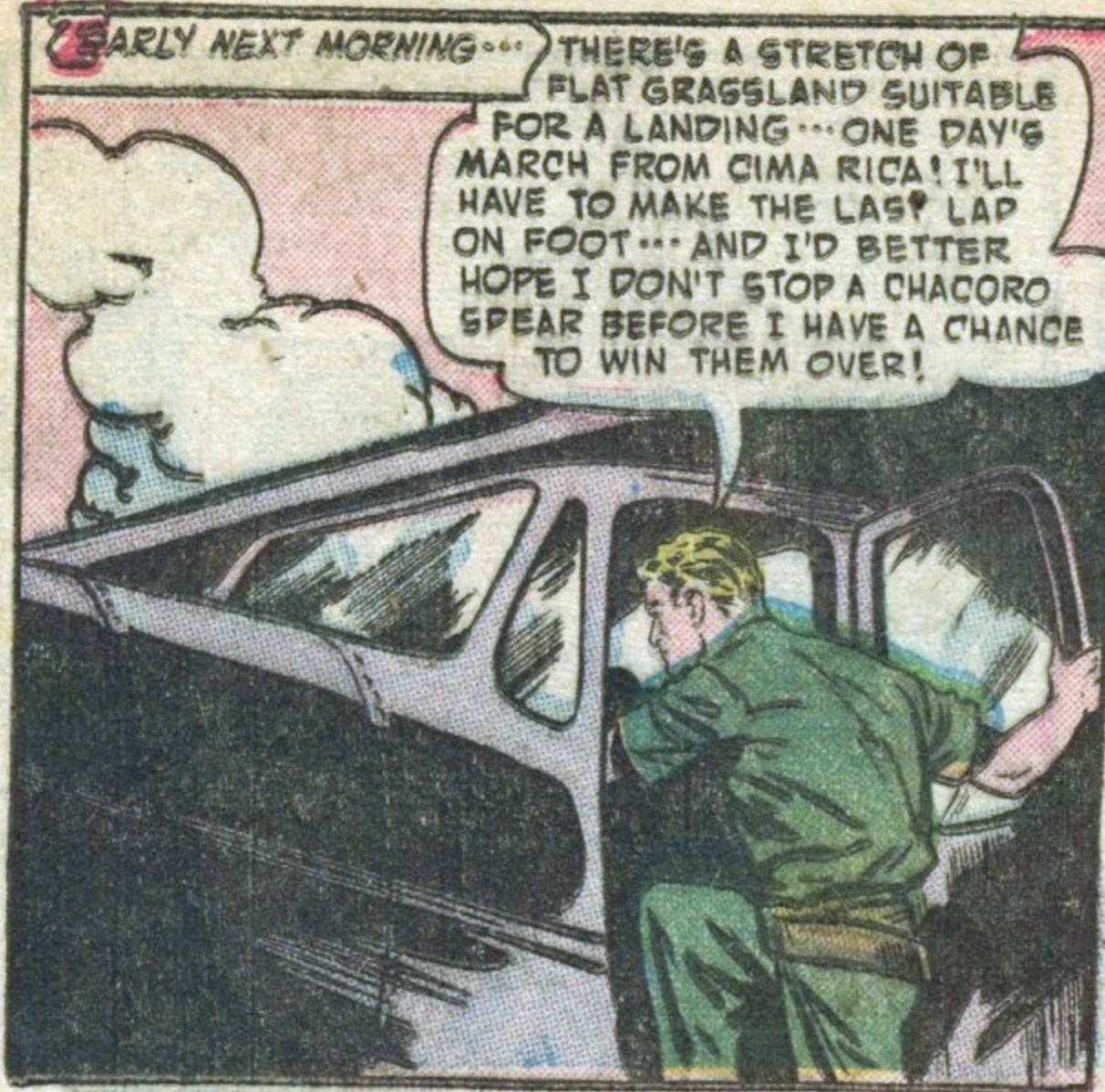
THAT'S MY PITCH, CASCABEL! THE
UNITED STEEL COMPANY'S HIRED
ME TO PARLEY WITH THE CHACORO
-- TRY TO GAIN THEIR CONFI-
DENCE--AND OFFER A GOOD PRICE
FOR THE MOUNTAIN! JUST THAT--
PLUS BRINGING BACK A SAMPLE
OF THE ORE!

THEY SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT YOU'LL
BE UP AGAINST, CARTER! IT'S COMMON
KNOWLEDGE THAT CIMA RICA IS SACRED
TO CHUCHA...THE ANCIENT GODDESS
OF THE CHACORO! ACCORDING TO THE
JUNGLE GRAPEVINE, SHE ACTUALLY
APPEARS ON CIMA RICA FROM TIME
TO TIME--TO WARN
THE INDIANS OF THE
APPROACH OF STRANGERS!

CASCABEL, I'M
AN OLD HAND
AT DEALING WITH
EASY ENOUGH TO
SCOFF HERE...
BUT IF IT HAPPENS
WHILE YOU'RE IN
THE CHACORO
COUNTRY--
YOU'LL NEVER
GET OUT
ALIVE!

WHAMMIES AND VAGUE
THREATS--AS WELL
AS THE MORE DIRECT
KIND I HANDLED THIS
AFTERNOON! THANKS
FOR THE ADVICE--
BUT I'LL TAKE MY
CHANCES WITH
CHUCHA!





EYES... PEERING FROM AMONG THE GLISTENING
BANANA FRONDS... GLARING THROUGH THE
LATTICED PALMS...



...EYES THAT HAVE MARKED ACE
CARTER FOR DEATH!



LATE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

WE'RE JUST A FEW MILES
FROM CIMA RICA, LOLA! MAY-
BE I'M STICKING MY NECK
OUT... BUT THE SOONER I
MAKE CONTACT WITH THE
CHACORO... THE SOONER
I'LL BE ABLE TO BLAST
A SAMPLE OF
IRON ORE!

ACE, I CAN'T EXPLAIN
...BUT IN JUST THIS
SHORT TIME I FEEL
I'VE COME TO
KNOW YOU...
AND...

PLEASE DON'T ASK
ANY QUESTIONS!
JUST TURN BACK
...NOW!

BABY, I'VE HEARD
THAT LINE BEFORE
...ONLY THIS TIME
...THERE'S A
DIFFERENCE!



FOR AN INSTANT, THE HALF-CLOSED
EYES HOLD ALL THE MYSTERY AND
WARNING OF A WOMAN WITH A SECRET
...AND IN THAT ONE LINGERING GLANCE
COMES A FLASH OF RECOGNITION!

HOLY SMOKE! NOW I REMEMBER
HER... THE GIRL WHOSE
PICTURE I SAW IN
CASCABEL'S HOME!

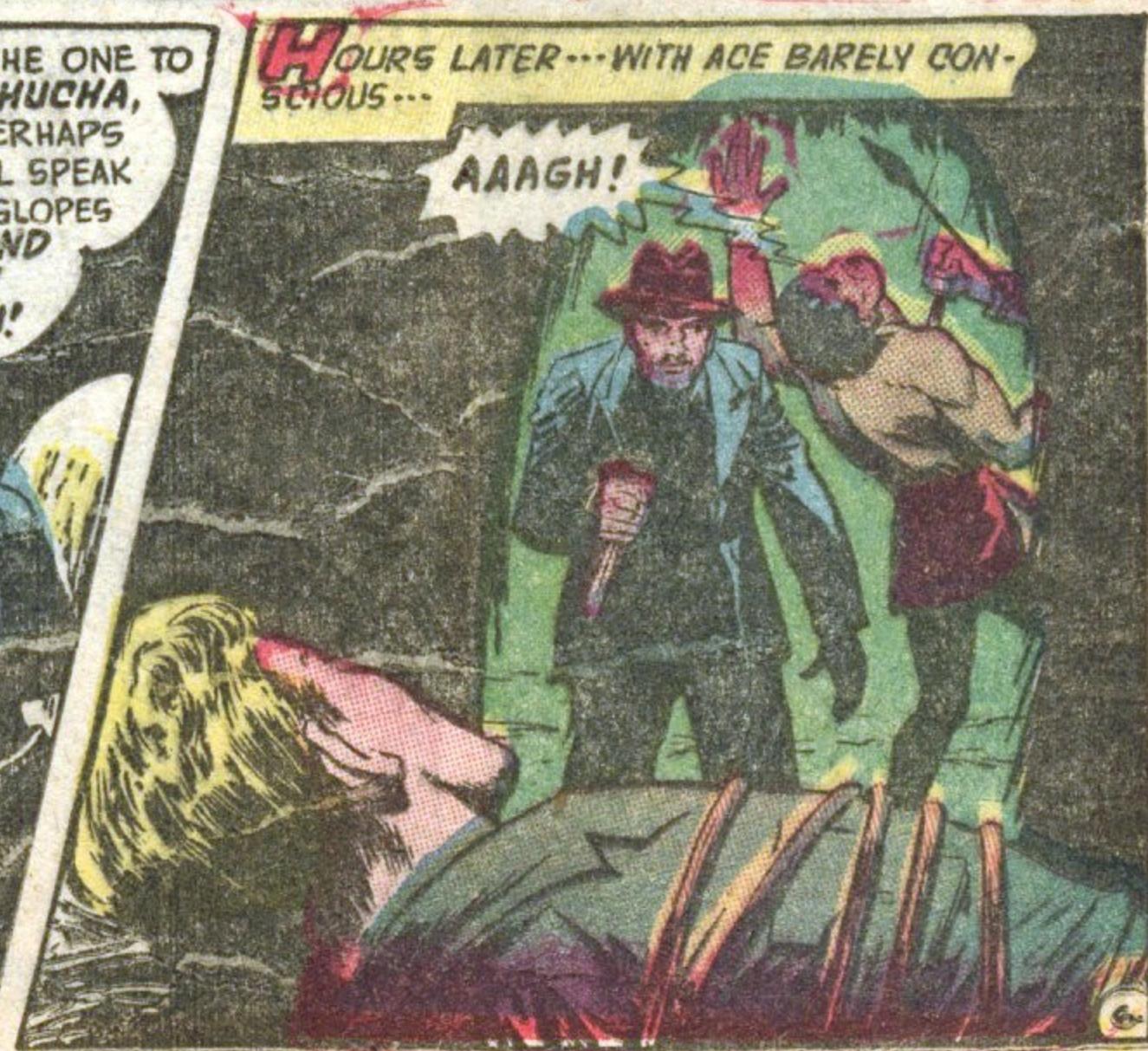
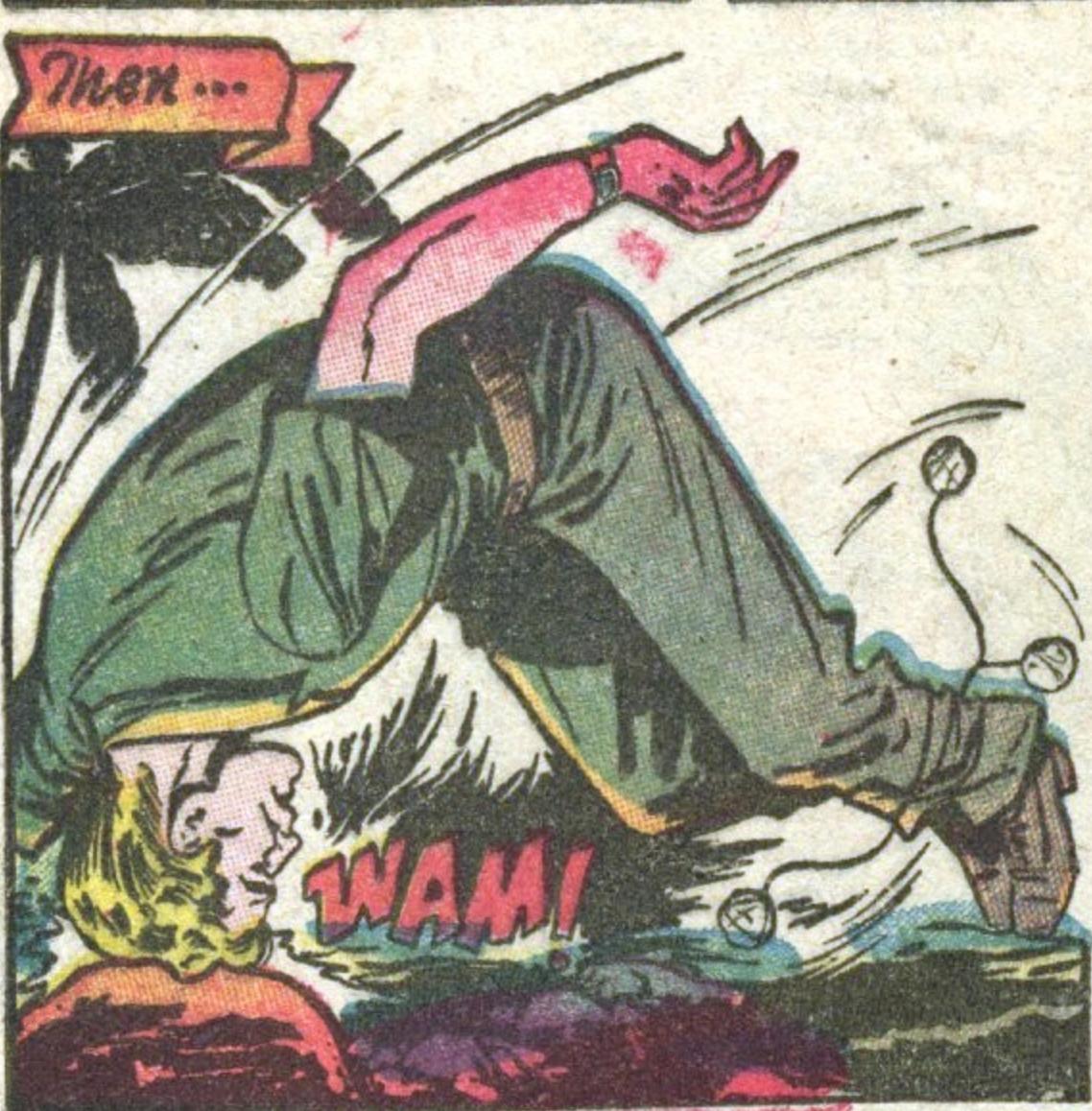
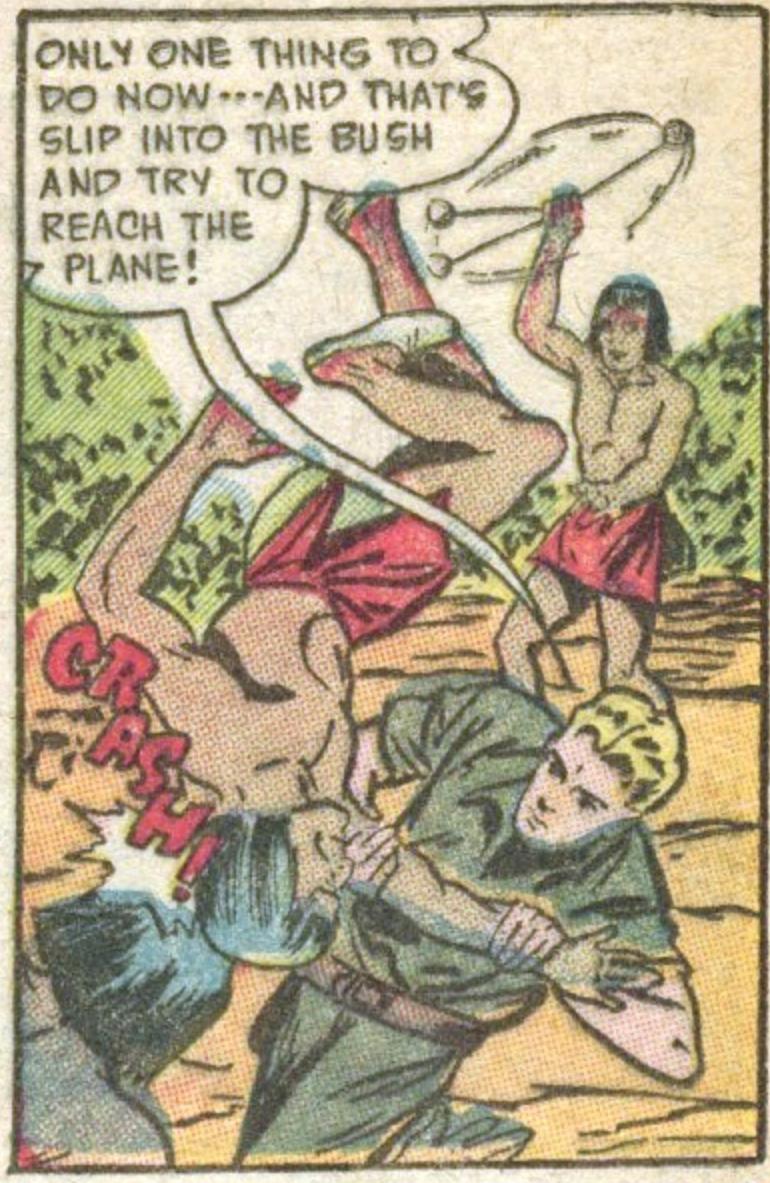


UNEXPECTEDLY... AS ACE STEPS
BACK...

OHH!

THE
CHACORO!



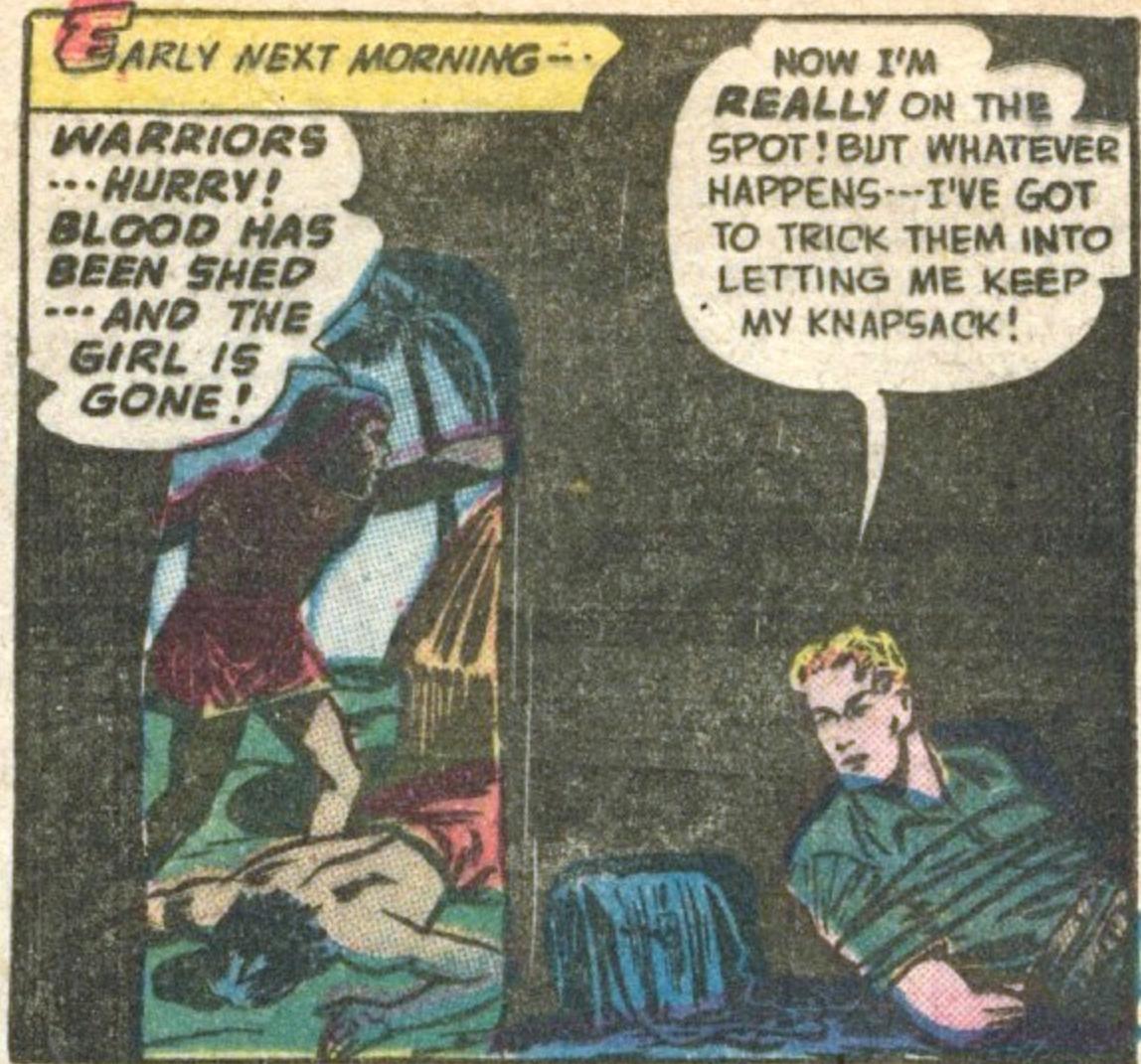


CAN'T MAKE OUT
WHO THEY ARE--
BUT THEY'VE CUT
LOLA'S ROPES
... THEY'RE
HELPING
HER
ESCAPE!



EARLY NEXT MORNING--

WARRIORS
... HURRY!
BLOOD HAS
BEEN SHED
... AND THE
GIRL IS
GONE!



HOW DID THE
GIRL GET AWAY?
SPEAK---OR
YOU WILL
KNOW A THOUS-
AND GASPS
BEFORE YOU
DIE!

THERE I
CARRY A POWER-
FUL MAGIC--STRONG
ENOUGH TO RELEASE
THE GIRL! MYSELF I
DID NOT FREE---TO
PROVE I DO NOT
FEAR THE
CHACORO!

UH! WE WILL MAKE **SURE** THIS
MAGIC DOES NOT HELP YOU! WE
WILL TAKE IT TO CIMA RICA AND
WAIT FOR CHUCHA---SHE WILL
KILL THE MAGIC ... **AND THEN**
WE WILL KILL YOU!

YEP, AND IT MAY HAPPEN
SOONER THAN HE THINKS
---IF HE ISN'T CAREFUL
ABOUT THE WAY HE HANDLES
THOSE STICKS OF
DYNAMITE WITH
PRESET PERCUSSION CAPS!

SOON AFTERWARD...

CIMA RICA! I
WOULD BOBBLE A
DEAL LIKE THIS---AND
LEAVE MILLIONS OF
BUCKS' WORTH OF
IRON ORE FENCED
IN BY A LOCAL
SUPERSTITION!



WITH THE MIST SWIRLING AMONG THE CRAGS...

CHUCHA HAS BEEN
SUMMONED...
CHUCHA COMES
...CHUCHA
LISTENS!

MIGHTY ONE, A STRANGER
HAS COME AMONG US...
AND YOU HAVE WARNED
US THAT STRANGERS
MUST DIE! BUT HE
BEARS MAGIC, CHUCHA...

WE NEED
YOUR HELP!
AS A FRIEND!

HE WHO BEARS
MAGIC IS FAVOR-
ED BY THE MIGHTY
ONES! HEAR THIS
STRANGER,
CHACORO...AND
RECEIVE HIM
AS A FRIEND!

Suddenly...

STOP HER
...IT'S A
DOUBLE-
CROSS!

BANG!

HOLY
SMOKE...
LOLA!

CHACORO...WE
HAVE BEEN TRICKED!
WE HAVE BEEN
LISTENING NOT TO
CHUCHA...BUT TO
AN ORDINARY MORTAL
...A STRANGER!
LET THEM DIE,
CHACORO!

I EX-
PECTED A
SHOW-
DOWN
SOONER
OR LATER
... WE
MIGHT AS
WELL WIPE
THEM OUT
NOW!

WITH A WARNING SHOUT TO THE
WARRIORS...

GET BACK, CHACORO
... YOU HAVEN'T A
CHANCE AGAINST
THESE AUTOMATIC
WEAPONS!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

COME ON, BABY...
WE'RE GETTING
OUT OF
HERE!



THEN---WITH TWENTY ROUNDS A SECOND POURING FROM CIMA RICA...

EE-YAH! NEVER BEFORE HAVE WE GIVEN GROUND... BUT A THOUSAND CHACORO COULD NOT WITHSTAND THESE GUNS THAT TALK DEATH!

STICK AROUND, CHIEF---WE'VE GOT MORE FIREPOWER THANK YOU THINK!

YOU KNOW NOW THAT I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH CASCABEL ALL THE TIME---AND I SUPPOSE YOU THINK I GOT WHAT I DESERVED! BUT, ACE---I DID TRY TO WARN YOU!

VEP---AT THE LAST MINUTE! WELL, SWEETHEART---I RETURNED THE FAVOR BY GETTING YOU DOWN FROM THERE! I CAME TO CIMA RICA TO BLAST AN ORE SAMPLE... AND IT'S TOUGH LUCK FOR CASCABEL AND HIS BUDDIES THAT THEY HAPPEN TO BE IN THE WAY!

WITH A BLAST THAT SWAYS THE PALM TREES FOR HUNDREDS OF YARDS AROUND...

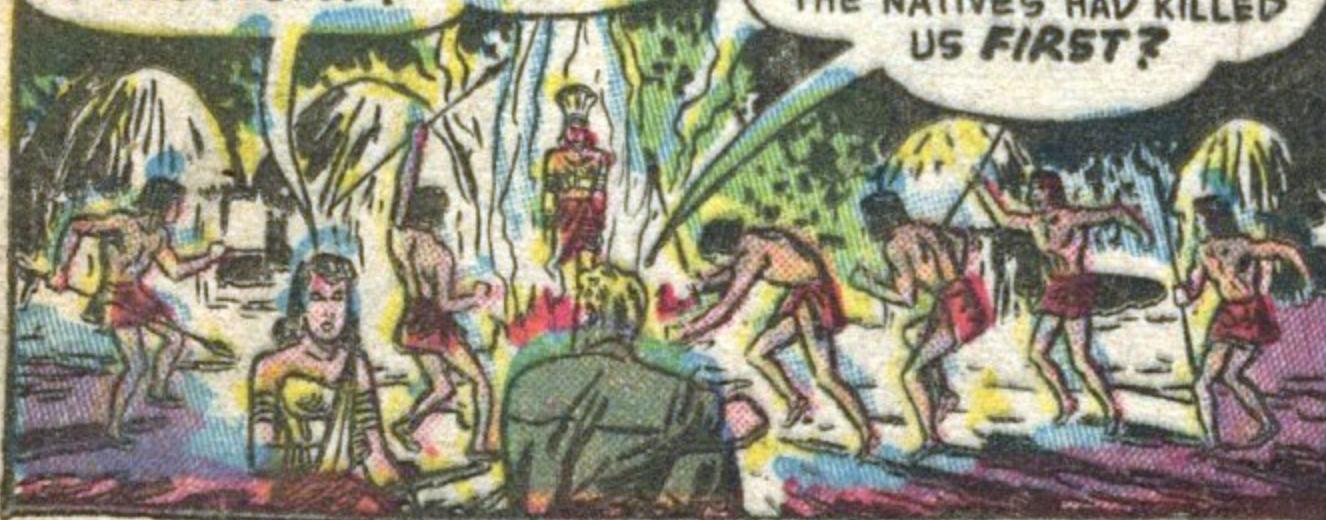
BOOM!



THAT NIGHT---IN THE CHACORO VILLAGE...

ACE---I KNOW YOU WON'T FORGIVE ME! BUT CASCABEL CONVINCED ME IT WAS JUST A BUSINESS MANEUVER---HAVING ME IMPERSONATE CHUCHA SO THAT THE NATIVES WOULD KEEP RIVAL COMPANIES AWAY FROM CIMA RICA! HE SAID HE HAD TO STALL FOR TIME IN ORDER TO RAISE THE MONEY FOR MINING OPERATIONS---AND I NEVER DREAMED HE'D RESORT TO BLOODSHED!

YOU TOOK A MIGHTY BIG CHANCE WITH THAT RAT, LOLA! HE LEFT YOU AT THE PLANE SO THAT I WOULDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS---BUT HE DIDN'T LIFT A FINGER WHEN THE CHACORO JUMPED US! HE RESCUED YOU LATER MERELY BECAUSE HE WANTED YOU TO IMPERSONATE CHUCHA AGAIN---BUT SUPPOSE THE NATIVES HAD KILLED US FIRST?



WITH TOM TOMS THUDDING FROM THE SCENTED SHADOWS...

THERE'S NO USE SAYING HOW I FEEL, ACE! BUT DARLING, LOOK INTO MY EYES---AND THEN... PROMISE YOU WON'T LET ME DROP OUT OF YOUR LIFE!



ACE CARTER'S NEXT ADVENTURE FINDS HIM ENMESHED IN VIOLENCE AND INTRIGUE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

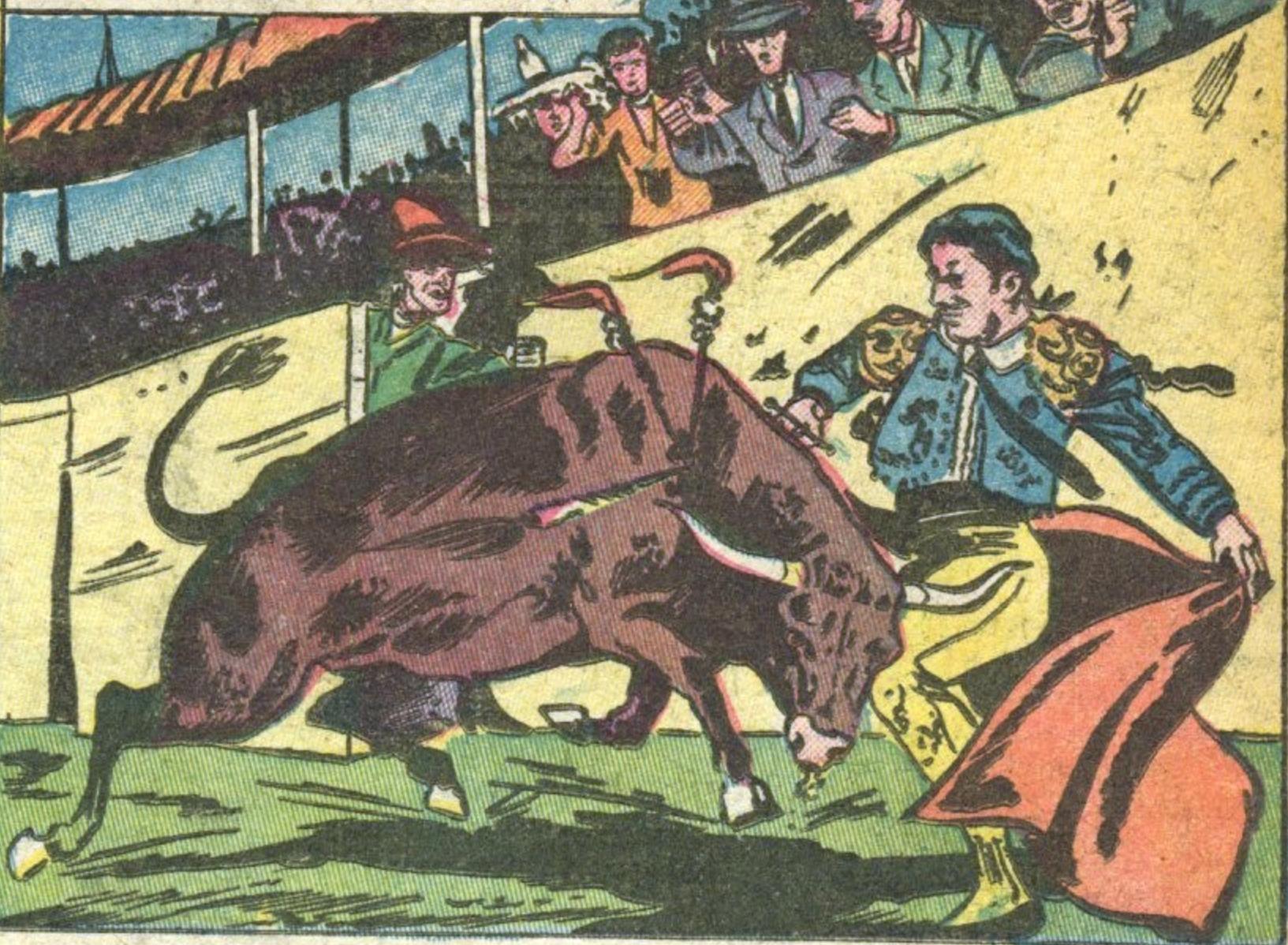
BULL-FIGHTING PERILS



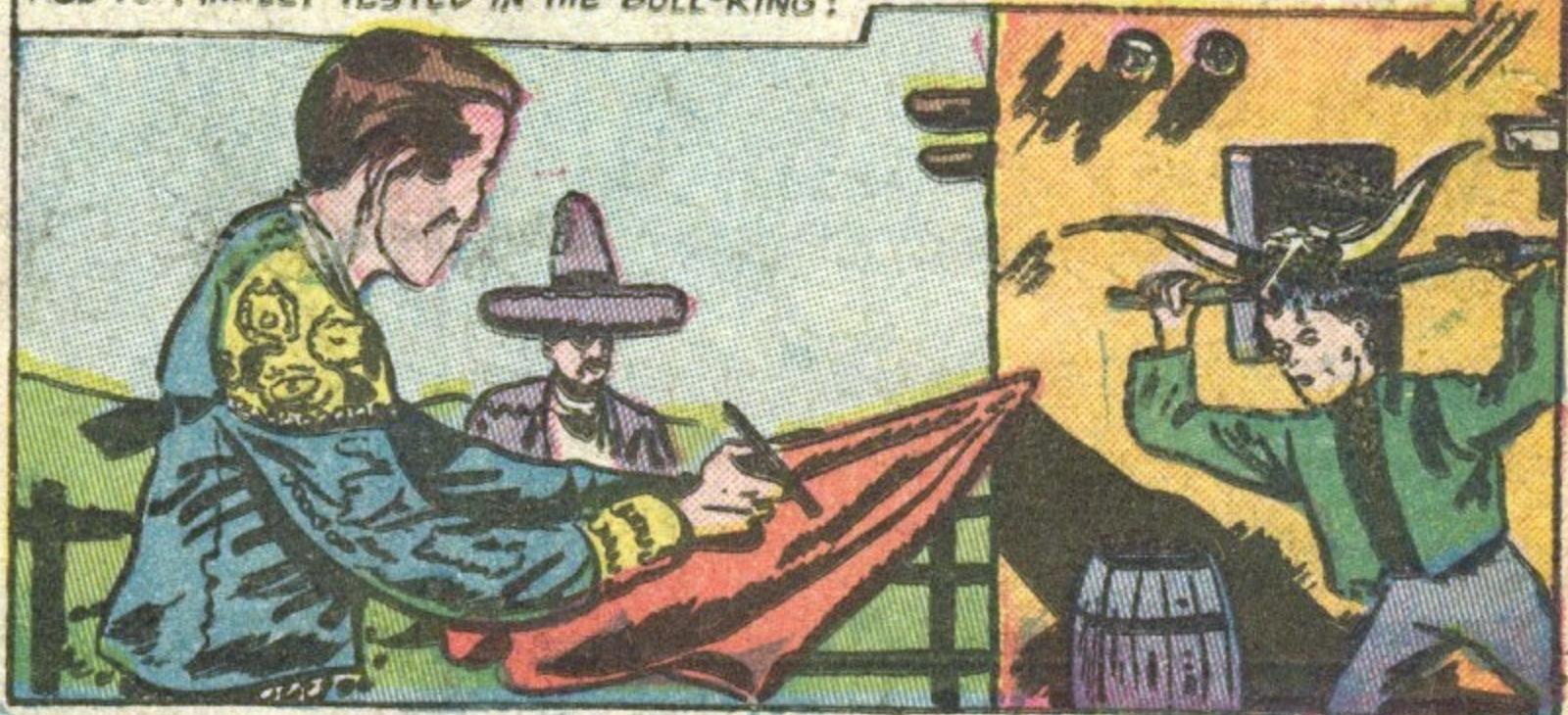
THE FIGHTING BULL, THE TORO DE LIDIA, IS SPECIALLY BRED FOR COURAGE AND FEROCITY! EVEN A NEWBORN CALF WILL CHARGE A MAN --- AND WHEN FULL-GROWN, THE TORO DE LIDIA ADDS UP TO OVER A THOUSAND POUNDS OF MURDER ON THE HOOF!



BULL-FIGHTING IS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND PERILOUS OF ALL SPORTS --- FOR ONLY THE BRAVEST MEN AND BRAVEST BULLS EVER FACE EACH OTHER! THE SPECTACLE OF MAN AGAINST BRUTE FASCINATES MILLIONS --- AND THE SPECTATOR KNOWS THAT AWAITING ONE OF THE OPPONENTS IS --- DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON!



THE TOREROS WHO FACE DEATH ALONE MUST GO THROUGH YEARS OF PAIN-TAKING PRACTICE IN THE INTRICATE POINTS OF THEIR ART BEFORE THEIR COURAGE IS FINALLY TESTED IN THE BULL-RING!



IT TAKES PLENTY OF RAW COURAGE TO STAND STILL WHILE A MADDENED BULL CHARGES STRAIGHT AT YOU --- AND TO ENRAGE THE BULL EVEN FURTHER WHILE HIS POINTED HOOFS PRACTICALLY GRAZE YOUR BODY!



OCCASIONALLY, OF COURSE, THE HOOFS DO MORE THAN MERELY GRAZE A TORERO'S BODY --- AND MANY A PROFESSIONAL BULL-FIGHTER PROUDLY CARRIES THE SCARS OF A HORN-GORING --- IF HE'S SURVIVED!



BUT IF YOUR COURAGE AND SKILL HAVE OUTMATCHED THE BULL'S, THEN YOU'LL HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER BRUTE FORCE --- AND YOUR DISPLAY OF BRAVERY WILL HAVE EARNED YOU THE ENVIALE TITLE OF MATADOR!



END

FLASH!

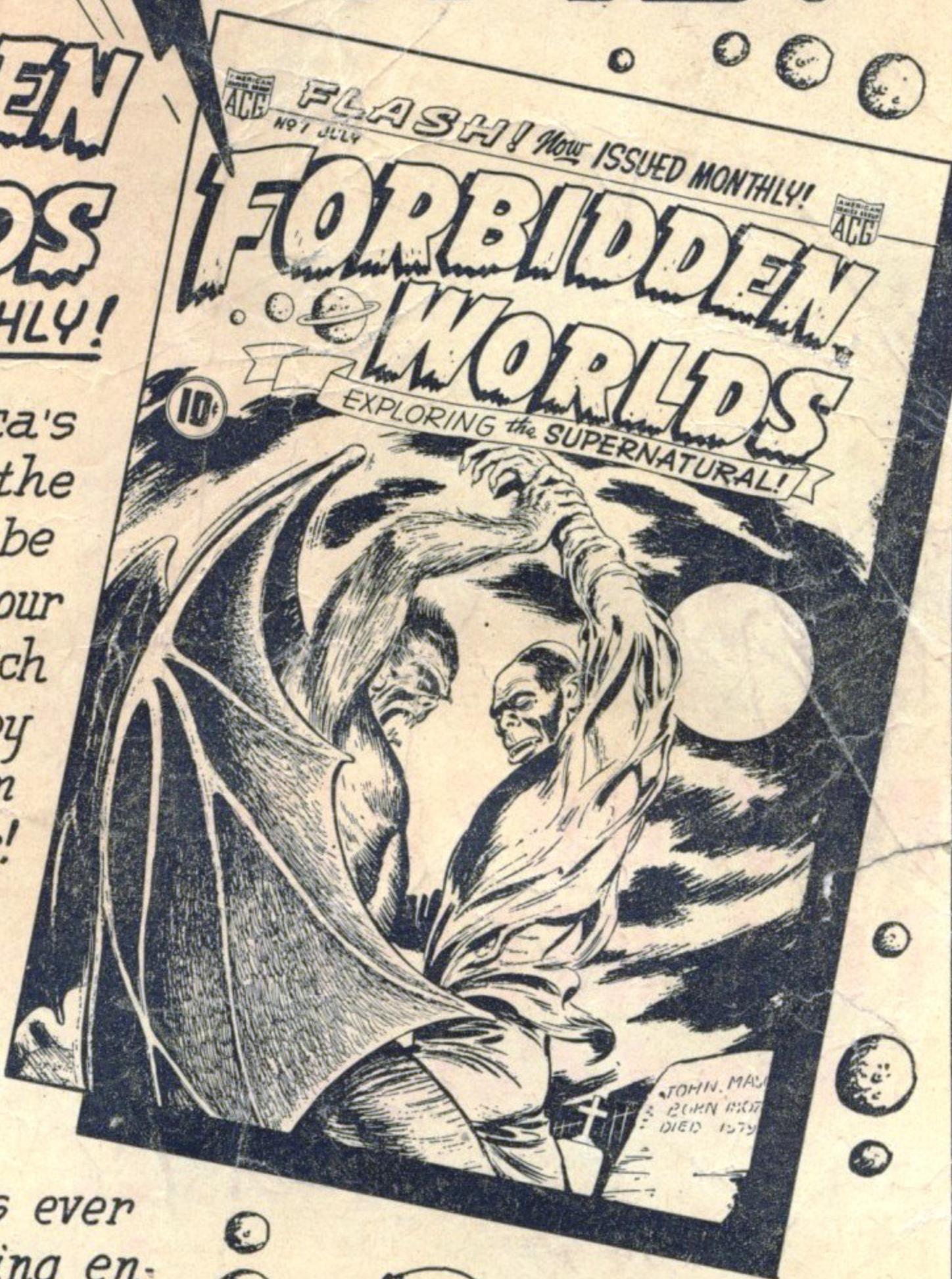
You asked
for it....

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

Now APPEARS MONTHLY!

That's right... America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires... twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read



FORBIDDEN WORLDS

The MIRACLE
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



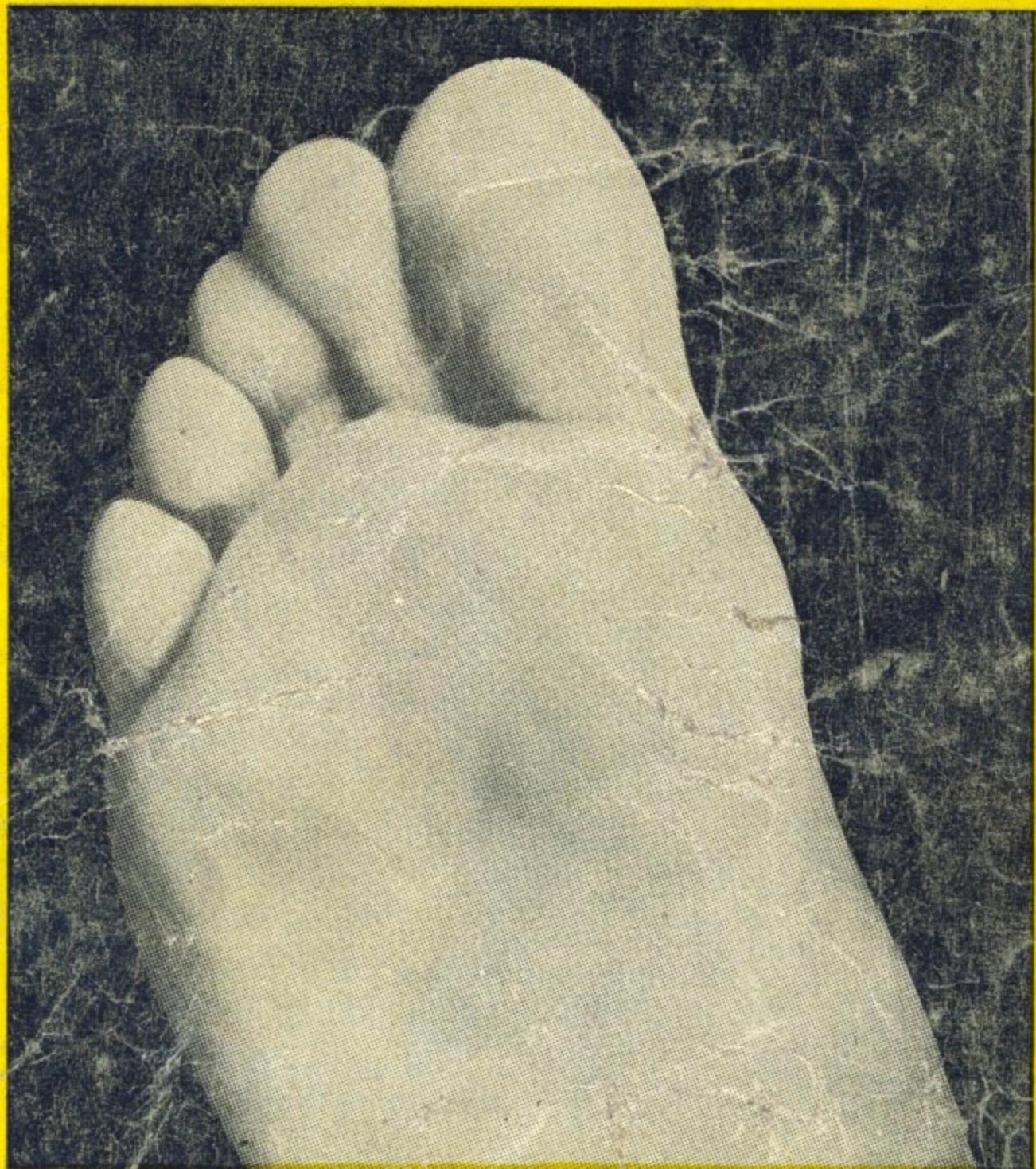
GORE PRODUCTS, Inc. A
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.